

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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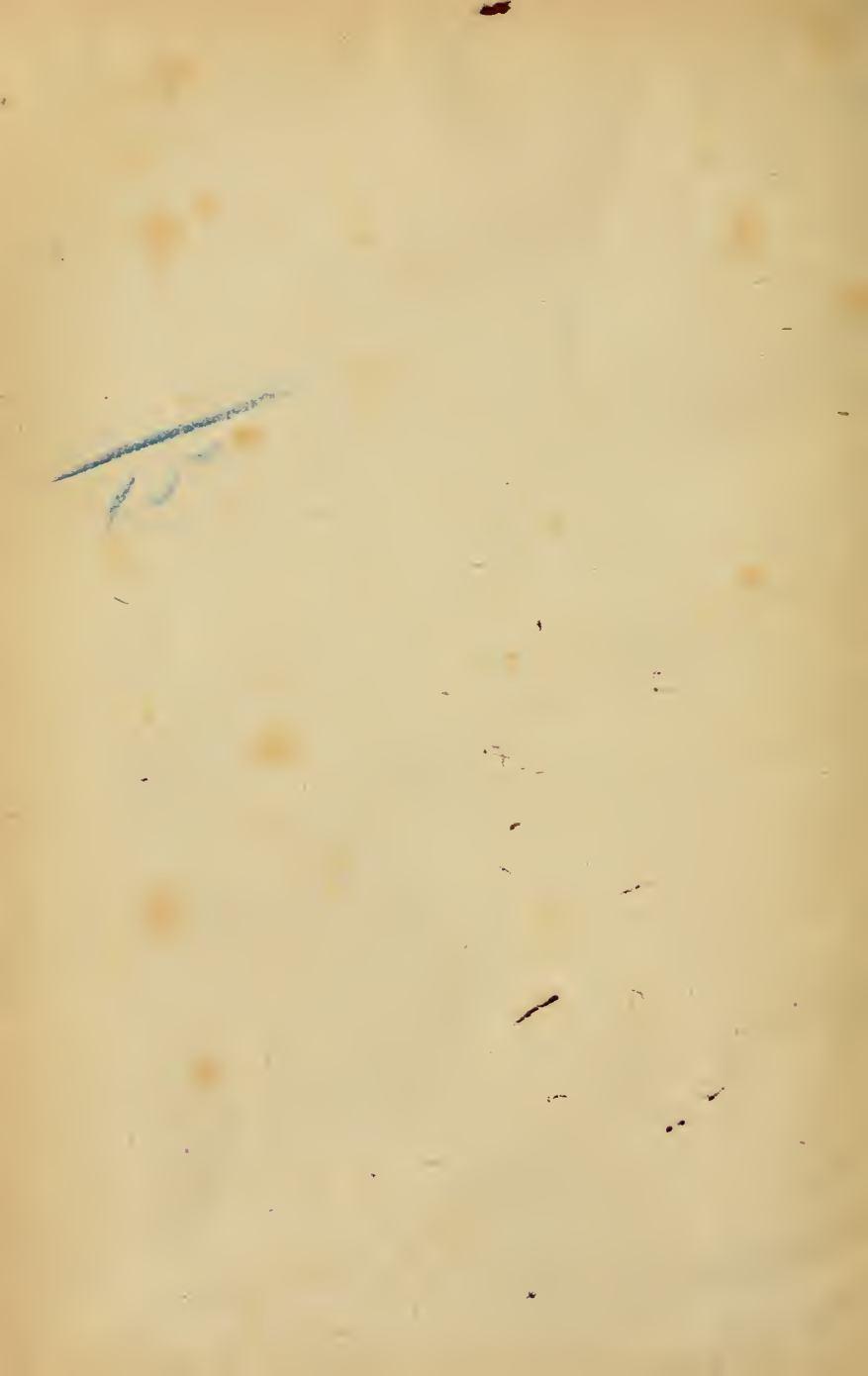
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To Rev. J. A. Hoyt
with respects
of the
Author
Louisville Ky
June 25th 1872,



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HYMNS OF THE CHURCH,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

FOR THE USE OF ALL WHO LOVE TO SING THE PRAISES OF

GOD IN CHRIST,

IN THE FAMILY, THE SCHOOL, OR THE CHURCH;

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON MUSIC

AS A

DIVINE ORDINANCE OF WORSHIP.

BY

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TO THE MEMORY

Of my NOBLE AND VENERATED FATHER, who, in the Morning and Evening Worship of a HAPPY HOME, taught me to love and to sing the Songs of Zion, this Collection of the HYMNS OF THE CHURCH is affectionately

INSCRIBED.

Prefatory Note.

It is not the intention in offering this collection of Hymns to the Church to supersede or interfere with the books used by the several denominations of Christians, but to supply a want felt by many Pastors in these various portions of the Church. There are a large number of Hymns, both ancient and modern, of the highest order, some of which are found in all the Hymn Books in use, but very many of which are not in any of those books. These hymns are eminently adapted both to excite and to express devotional feeling. And are suited alike to the Family Circle, the Prayer Meeting, the Sabbath School, and the Assemblies of the whole Congregation. It has been the object of the compiler of this volume to bring together some of the choicest of these hymns in a form suitable to general use. In addition, a Tune has been carefully selected as adapted to the style and sentiment of the Hymn to which it is appropriated. The aim has been to find tunes plain, substantial, and of an elevated character, and easily learned by the people. How far success has been attained in this very difficult part of the work, those who may use the Book will be able to judge. No doubt some changes for the better will be suggested by experience. But when once a Tune is found to be well suited to a Hymn, *let it be always sung to that hymn*. Thus, Tune and Hymn become identified with each other, and the result will be most happy in promoting good singing by the whole body of worshipers in the Church. Most certainly must this so desirable a result follow if the same hymns and tunes used in the Prayer-room and the Church shall be sung around the fireside of Home, and in the Sabbath School. Both parents and children will then learn to speak the same language of praise, and the voices in harmony go up from all in the House of God. The hope of promoting, in some degree, this desirable end, has prompted to the undertaking this work. And should any success, by the blessing of God, be granted to the labor, this will be esteemed a sufficient reward.

MUSIC

AS A

DIVINE ORDINANCE OF WORSHIP.

PSALM XXXIII: 1-3.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye Righteous :
For praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp :
Sing unto Him with the psaltery,
An instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto Him a new song ;
Play skillfully with a loud noise.

THE religion of the Bible has its origin in the love of God, and in its effects makes manifest His infinite benevolence. In "bringing many sons unto glory" through Jesus Christ, God has designed to show forth His own perfections and promote the highest happiness of man. The Redeemer not only saves from death in sin, and gives shelter from "the wrath to come" to those who flee to Him for refuge, He also secures them to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He not only sets before them "many great and precious promises," but He also gives to them a present earnest and foretaste of these glorious things. He calms the restless spirit with peace, inspires the heart with hope that can not make ashamed, causes man to be joyful even in the midst of sorrow, and puts a new song into his mouth, even praise unto the God who saves. The Christian receives the oil of joy instead of mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Though he still must suffer, he rejoices; though he sighs, yet for all that he sings.

So far, then, from this holy religion having anything either in its principles, nature, or tendency to diminish the happiness of men, it is quite the contrary. Wherever it is truly received "in the love of it," it cherishes and elevates the social affections, expands the intellect,

and refines the taste. It sanctifies every lawful enjoyment and ennobles every useful occupation, whilst it calls into full play all the faculties of the soul and gives ample scope for the exercise of all the powers of mind and body.

Among those faculties with which God has endowed his creature man, in the use of which he can honor God and derive enjoyment to himself, the faculty of speech takes a foremost place. And no instrument can be compared to the tongue and voice in their adaptation to show forth the praises of the Creator and minister to the delight of man himself. Indeed, the organs of the human voice combine all instruments in one, and far surpass them all. It is for this reason that David, the royal poet and sweet singer in Israel, so frequently speaks of his voice and tongue as his "GLORY." Take for example the following: Psalm xvi: 9. My GLORY rejoiceth. Ps. xxx: 12. That my GLORY may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. Ps. lvii: 7, 8. My heart is fixed; oh God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. Awake up my GLORY; awake psaltery and harp. Ps. cvii: 1. Oh God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my GLORY.

And that, in thus speaking of the organs of speech and song, David uttered what God approved, is evident. For not only has God declared His complacency in praises offered to Him in hymned words—but He has put the highest honor upon the tongue and voice in the consecration of them to His special service in proclaiming His Truth and celebrating His worship. And then, on the other hand, no sins are more distinctly condemned than those of the tongue, and no social vices are more abhorrent to God than those which are accompanied and stimulated by the degradation of music and turning man's GLORY into shame.

In order to learn the high estimate that the God of Christianity has set upon Music and Song, and the claim He makes to their use in honoring and worshiping Him, we have but to open the Bible and read. In every part of it we find the same testimony touching the use or abuse of these admirable gifts. From the Genesis to the Apocalypse—from the first Sabbath song when "the morning stars sang together," and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the finished creation, down to the opening splendor of the Eternal Sabbath when the Sons of Glory shall break forth into singing over the perfected new Creation. Everywhere in these holy oracles the Spirit of God, by Prophet and by Apostle, has condemned the maxims and the practice of those who indulge in inconsiderate gaiety and yield to the seductive influence of licentious melody. And everywhere the

voice of the same Divine Paraclete has taught the Children of Zion to make "a joyful noise unto their King," to "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with singing," to "praise the Lord with harp, to sing unto Him a new song, and play skillfully with a loud noise."

Thus the Christian is to offer unto his Redeemer God, the sacrifices of praise, even "the calves of his lips," and to aspire to the pure and exalting pleasures of sacred harmony.

It is upon this theme I make a few observations, as one of the greatest practical importance to the whole church. And what I desire at this time to say upon this subject will relate chiefly to the ORIGIN, OBLIGATION, and EFFECTS of Sacred Harmony, or MUSIC as an Ordinance of God.

It is of this that the Psalmist is speaking in the precept of the text. For his words have more immediate respect to the music than to the song. This will appear plain from a glance at the verses as they stand at the head of this Discourse. They call upon the Righteous to "praise the LORD with HARP;" "to SING unto Him with the PSALTERY of ten strings;" to "SING unto Him a new song;" to "PLAY SKILLFULLY, with a LOUD NOISE."

I. THE ORIGIN OF SACRED HARMONY IS FOUND IN THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

The organization both of his body and his mind renders Man capable of cultivating and enjoying the melody and harmony of musical numbers. The beautiful structure of the ear affords access for those harmonious sounds by which the delicate nerves are thrilled with sensations of delight. The marvelous structure of the vocal organs gives power to express the thoughts and emotions of the soul in the flowing numbers of poetry and song. And the soul finds the best expression of its deepest and strongest emotions, its saddest and its most joyous feelings, its purest and most elevated conceptions, in the cadence of words or of measured sounds. Hence, Music is a kind of universal language. All nations on the globe, however diversified in speech or manners, are alike sensible to its influence. The most rude and savage, as well as the refined and civilized, amongst men have exercised their powers to invent and to perform in this admirable art. And there are none so degraded as not in some degree to understand and relish its eloquent expressions. Whilst the higher men have risen in the scale of mental and moral improvement, the more has their capacity for the enjoyment of melody been increased, and the more have they striven to render music subservient to culture and

happiness. In the tent of the shepherd, in the palace of kings, in the schools of philosophers, amidst the shock of embattled hosts, and in the peaceful worship of God, the whole current of human emotion has ever been wont to yield itself to the stirring or soothing influence of pipe and harp, of voice and song.

The exercise of the religious faculty, more than any other, draws after it all the emotions of the soul. In the contemplation of the wonders of creative energy and the beauties of the works of God; in meditating upon the power, justice, and goodness displayed in His government of creatures, and in striving after some true conception of the Divine nature, the reason is expanded, full play is given to the imagination, and the soul is roused and fired with the emotions of hope and fear, of love and adoration, toward the Great Author of nature and source of all good. And the adoration thus excited spontaneously bursts forth in poetry and song. Thus, Milton has struck upon the true source of sacred harmony in depicting the devotions of the first pair:

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In fit strains, pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips.
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness.

The minds of our first parents, pure and untainted by sin, were no doubt filled with rapture as they surveyed the works of their Creator amid the holy splendors of Paradise. Their joyous and enraptured emotions would naturally overflow in strains of melody. The first use of music was to hail the Sabbath morn of creation and celebrate the praise of God who "spake and it was done," who "commanded and it stood fast." And so I may say of Music, she is the Offspring of Nature, the Daughter of Love, the Sister of Poetry, and the Handmaid of Religion.

II. THE OBLIGATION OF SACRED HARMONY, OR THE DUTY OF EMPLOYING MUSIC IN THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

This obligation is manifest, and may be enforced by a consideration of the origin of the Musical Art itself. That origin has been traced to the powers and capacities with which man has been endowed, of showing forth the praise of God his Creator in harmonious sounds, and of deriving the most refined pleasure from this religious exercise. And has God gifted us with faculties which we must not or may not use in His service? Are the ear and the tongue and the voice not to

be sanctified to the praise of Him who has made them the glory of man's frame and the organs of unspeakable delight? Surely no one can assent to such a proposition unless he has already begun to say in his heart, "There is no God." The Theist and the Christian must both agree in the sentiment expressed by the sacred poet:

"With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise."

The testimony of history confirms the correctness of the view I have expressed. The religious faculty has found a means of culture and a vehicle of manifestation amongst all nations in measured words and tones. Music has made a part of the religious worship of the rudest tribes, whilst it has adorned and enlivened and elevated the devotions of the most civilized nations. It is a deep-rooted and universal sentiment of mankind that hymned praise ought to be offered to the Deity. Why is this? I answer, either because, it is prompted by the instinctive feelings of man's nature; or because reason has clearly announced its propriety, or because express revelation from God has enjoined it. Or it may be because of these three influences combined. In either case the obligation to worship God with song and harp is manifest and indubitable.

This duty is enforced by an authority higher than instinct, tradition, or reason—an authority to which every Christian will bow with reverent and unquestioning obedience. This authority is God speaking in the living oracle of Holy Scripture. The utterances of this oracle upon the subject we are considering are full, explicit, and abundant. Both by approved example and reiterated precept, the Spirit of God in the Word has inculcated the use of music, in all its varied forms, as a part of worship acceptable to God. This plain and direct sanction was necessary to secure this valuable art to the service of true devotion against a very plausible objection. This Art, it might be said, was indeed pure in its origin, but man has so perverted it by unhallowad abuse, as to make it no longer fit for the service of a God who abhors the polluted in sacrifice. "Sublime and celestial were the anthems of holy and innocent beings when nature had not yet languished at the sight of sin, but bloomed and glowed before them in the unsullied luster of its Eden charms. But at the presence of sin the beauty of Paradise faded; and the fall of man introduced a sad change in the music of mortals. Harmony soon shaped itself to the modulations of sorrow, learned to waft the sigh of the wretched, and poured forth the melting strains of pity and of grief. Music was no

longer the sole companion of devotion. The warsong roused the courage of the hero and animated the sufferer to patience. The dirge wept at the tomb of departed friends. The pastoral cheered the watchful hours of the wandering shepherd, and soothed the solitude of the languishing swain." But the change went far beyond all this. Soon the divine art of music was degraded to the polluted purposes of folly, luxury, and vice. Poesy and song were made to serve at the altar of impure love and to speak the language and stimulate the ardor of guilty passion.

From this sad and sinful perversion of music it might have been argued that it was no longer fitting for the pure worship of a holy God. But the argument will not bear the test of sound reasoning, and the objection is sufficiently answered by the practice of the purest worshipers from the remotest times and the express command of God to honor Him with the praises of voice and of tongue.

The first glorious manifestation of the power of Jehovah in giving triumph to His chosen people over their mighty and implacable enemies was celebrated in that most ancient *Te Deum laudamus*, the song of Moses and Israel at the Red Sea. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord:

"I will sing unto the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!
The horse and his rider
Hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation!
The Lord is a man of war,
Jehovah is his name!"

"And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them:

"Sing ye to the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!
The horse and his rider
Hath he thrown into the sea."

From this dark night of Egypt's doom and the morning dawn of Israel's unfading glory, music was consecrated by the people of God to its highest and noblest uses, and became forever after a principal part of the worship of Jehovah, their Redeemer. If, under the former dispensation, the Church celebrated some signal deliverance from trouble and danger, or came with devout adoration into the sanctuary, or kept holy day and solemn feast before the Lord, or gave lessons of wisdom,

or with prophetic foresight declared the counsel of God concerning things to come, she never failed to call in the aid of vocal and instrumental harmony "to give energy to her instructions, expression to her joys, and life to her devotions." Listen to these stirring strains in which the Church calls upon all to unite in the chorus of her praises: "Make a joyful noise, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing; enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. Sing unto the Lord a new song and his praise in the congregation of saints; sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God." "Let Israel rejoice in him that made him; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King; let them praise his name in the dance; let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp!"

And when we pass over from the former to the present dispensation, we do not find that the Church has left behind her the voice of praise. When from desolate Jerusalem she went forth to bear the glad tidings of her Redeemer's love to the Gentiles, and invite them to the feast he had prepared, she took with her her timbrel and harp and tuneful voice, that with them she might teach the nations to sing the New Song:

"Unto him who hath loved us
And washed us from our sins
In his own blood;
And hath made us
Kings and priests unto God
And his Father,
To him be glory and dominion
For ever and ever. Amen."

In the New Testament scriptures example and precept unite, as in the Old Testament, to inculcate the use of sacred harmony in the Church as an abiding ordinance of God and means of grace.

When Jesus made his entry into Jerusalem, six days before his crucifixion, the people met him with palms and with songs of exultation, while the children in the temple took up the chorus of praise, and sang:

"Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!"

And when it was demanded of him by the Pharisees that he should rebuke their singing, he refused, and said to them: "I tell you that if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." Our blessed Lord himself led the choir of the holy Apostles at the close of the Last Supper. "And when they had sung an

hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives." Paul and Silas soothed their sufferings, and cheered the gloom of their prison at Philippi by singing praises at midnight, so loud and sweet that the prisoners heard and wondered.

It is this Apostle, whose voice first broke the dreary stillness of a Roman dungeon with the music of sacred melody, who writes to the Christians of Colosse: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord;" and to the saints at Ephesus, "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." And to the Hebrews he writes, "By him (Jesus) therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." And James echoes and confirms the words of Paul, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms."

Surely no one with such an array of Scripture proof before him will question the propriety or duty of praising and worshipping God with audible harmony.

But perhaps some one may ask: Is this harmony to be made by human voices alone, or may instruments be also employed in the worship of Jehovah?

At what time Instrumental Music was first introduced into the worship of the true God we have no certain knowledge. We have seen it already used in celebrating the praises of Jehovah, the Warrior King of Heaven, who had triumphed over the pride and power of the Egyptian oppressor. And from that time forward instruments of music continued to be employed, both in the public and private devotions of the sincere worshippers of God, as calculated to enkindle religious emotion, and add to the pleasures of a hearty worship.

The Prophets of Israel assisted their meditations with the skill of the musician, and gave instructions, or uttered predictions in poetic numbers to the sound of the tabret or pipe. We read of a college of prophets who prophesied "with a Psaltery, and a Tabret, and a Harp." And when Jehoshaphat came to Elisha that he might inquire of Jehovah in his distress and danger, it is recorded that Elisha said: "Bring me a Minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him," and he announced the victory of the allied kings over the Moabites.

Under David, music in the worship of God reached its highest degree of perfection. As the Shepherd son of Jesse, he had already won for himself a name as the sweet singer and the skillful player.

As the princely Hero of Israel, the father and founder of the most royal and enduring of all dynasties, he not only gave to the Church her inspired psalmody, but was the composer of music and the inventor of instruments with which to praise the Lord. Much of his time and labor were employed in the work of perfecting this part of the worship of God. When he brought up the Ark of the Covenant from the house of Obededom to the royal city, he selected some most skilled, and appointed them under the direction of Heman and Jeduthun, with trumpets and cymbals for those that should make a sound, and with musical instruments of God, "to give thanks to the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever." And before he was gathered to his fathers, David had completed the organization of that magnificent orchestra, unequaled by anything of a similar kind before or since, in which not less than four thousand Levites were appointed "to praise the Lord with the instruments which David had himself made." This did not belong to the original service of the tabernacle, nor make a part of the typical ordinances which were fulfilled, and thus abolished by the sacrificial death of Messiah. If typical at all, it was like the Jubilee Sabbatism, a type of the splendid worship of the New Jerusalem in her final and eternal glory, when the groans of the creature shall give place to the melody and harmony of the choir of the redeemed in the Sabbatism of the New Creation.

Instrumental music is several times mentioned in the New Testament, but nowhere, I think, with disapprobation. The words of James imply the contrary. The word which is in the English translation rendered, "let him sing psalms," is literally, "let him play upon an instrument of music." To the Christian Jews, to whom James wrote, it would at once suggest the chanting of psalms or hymns to the accompanying harmony of harp or psalter. And so in the visions of the Apocalypse, as the advancing victories of Christ and his Church are celebrated in the hearing of the Holy Seer, instruments of music accompany the voice of anthems, and swell with their dulcet chords the grand diapason of praise. "And I looked, and lo! a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with Him a hundred and forty and four thousand having His Father's name in their foreheads; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." And again: "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the Beast and over his image, and over his mark and over the number of his name, stand

on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

With these Scriptural testimonies before me, I can not doubt for a moment the lawfulness, propriety, and utility of instrumental music both in the private and social worship of God. It stands with those things in which God's people have always and do still enjoy liberty. To sing with the voice is a commanded duty to the Christian; to accompany his singing with a well-tuned instrument is a privilege to be used as convenient. The Christian Church may, I think, still sing as the Holy Ghost has taught in the closing anthem of the Book of Psalms:

"Praise ye the Lord!
 Praise God in his sanctuary!
 Praise him in the firmament of his power:
 Praise him for his mighty acts;
 Praise him according to his excellent greatness!
 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet;
 Praise him with the psaltery and harp;
 Praise him with the timbrel and dance;
 Praise him with string'd instruments and organs;
 Praise him upon the loud cymbals;
 Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.
 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
 Hallelujah!
 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

III. THE EFFECT OF SACRED MUSIC.

All that has been said upon the origin and obligation and use of vocal and instrumental harmony will be illustrated and confirmed by a consideration of the effects produced by each alone, or by both combined.

Such is the frame of our nature that the different tones of music excite emotions in our minds congenial with themselves. Deep and grave airs fill the mind with awe and reverence; the elevated and sprightly inspire with joy and animation; the soft and languishing soothe and melt the heart; while the mournful and plaintive generate sorrow and melancholy. Music has the power of exciting all the passions; it is friendly to every affection which gives dignity to the nature and conduces to the true happiness of man, and only then becomes dangerous to virtue when perverted from its original purity and purpose. Music softens the asperities of temper, refines and ennobles the intellect, mitigates the cares and inquietudes of life, and exercises a surprising power over the depraved passions. And these effects are

often more happily produced when instrumental is joined with vocal music.

The popular conception of "the natural effects of music," says Lord Bacon, "is set forth in a lively manner by the ancients in that feigned relation of Orpheus's theatre, where all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp: the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature."

There is a remarkable and striking instance of the salutary effects of instrumental music in the history of David and Saul. The mad fury of Saul was allayed and subdued, and the power of the evil demon over his mind was for the time broken under the charms of the shepherd minstrel's sweet-toned lyre.

The History of Medicine furnishes clear proofs of the beneficial effects of Music upon the nervous system, in the treatment of some forms of disease.

But the Moral effects of this Heaven-sent Art are more interesting and important, and far surpass its influence upon the mere physical nature. As an Ordinance of God, to be used in our approach to Him in acts of devout worship, it addresses man as a rational being, and aims to carry home divine and saving truth to his heart through the medium of the senses, and by the union of sentiment and sound in agreeable cadence. The main design of sacred psalmody is to enlighten, to persuade, and to cheer. When a psalm or hymn, or spiritual song, expressing the truths of Christianity in their purity and simplicity, is rehearsed with rhythmical sounds, which correspond to the sense of the words uttered, the result will seldom fail to be a deep impression of the reality and importance and beauty of the religion of Christ. The Apostle recognizes the value of this ordinance and its effective influence, when showing the uselessness to the Church of praying or singing in an unknown or inarticulate tongue, he says: "I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also." And as a most valuable vehicle of conveying truth to the mind, he commends Christians to employ the voice of melody in teaching and admonishing one another. And he teaches us that the most powerful and blessed results are to be expected from the skillful and constant use of music in the churches of Christ. The experience of centuries has attested the wisdom of the Apostle. The best influences of the Holy Spirit have ever accompanied the study and use of sacred

harmony in the worship of the Church Catholic. It is, indeed, the Holy Comforter who gives saving efficacy to the Word and Ordinances. And it is through the Truth that men are renewed and sanctified. But the truth is most effectually brought into contact with the soul when uttered with the living voice. And when prompted and accompanied by the inward working of the Spirit, sanctified music has a divine power to awaken the soul to a perception of the truth, and to excite, expand, revive and strengthen every holy affection. Not a few are the instances of persons who have traced their first serious impressions of gospel truth to hearing others sing a few verses of some hymn or psalm. The case of Jack the Sailor has often found its parallel. Dissatisfied in the midst of his wild and roaming life, he passes the door of an humble working-woman, and hears her singing cheerily at her work the simple refrain :

“ I ’m a poor sinner,
And nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ
Is my All in all.”

The melody and the words penetrate deep into the weather-beaten seaman’s heart. The Holy Spirit fixes them there, and quickens the good seed into life. And Jack, the wild sailor lad, is soon joining the chorus of that vast multitude who have learned to sing the same humble song :

I ’M A POOR SINNER,
AND NOTHING AT ALL,
BUT JESUS CHRIST
IS MY ALL IN ALL.”

Another example to the same effect I take from a recent occurrence in a far different circle of life. The daughter of an English nobleman was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. Her father, by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, by traveling in foreign countries and to places of fashionable resort, took every means to divert her mind from things unseen and eternal. But her heart was fixed. She was determined that nothing should deprive her of her eternal portion in her Redeemer, or displace Him from the centre of her heart, or lead her to discredit her faith and joy in the profession of His glorious name.

At length her father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient by which his end he hoped should be gained. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged that, during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others, this one, were to be called upon to entertain the company with singing and

music on the piano-forte of a *specially* light and *worldly* character. If she complied, she forfeited her good conscience and returned to the world; if she refused compliance, she would lose, beyond the possibility of recovery, her position in society. The ordeal was indeed fiery. Different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of this daughter was called. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how she would act. Without hesitation, and with a calm and dignified composure, she took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang—accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument—the following stanzas:

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon be gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, NEVER dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide; be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Oh! write my pardon on my heart,
And whenso'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of Eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and, when left alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. He at length found that salvation, and his great estate was consecrated to the Saviour.

Under the benign influence of sacred harmony, the hardened spirit is melted with penitential sorrow; the penitent believer rises upon the wings of hope from the depths of despair; the Christian

soldier burns with generous ardor in the warfare with sin. The prophet connects the joy and melody of Zion when he says:

Joy and gladness shall be found therein,
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

The darkness of affliction is cheered and the weariness of his journeying is lightened to the Christian by those "songs in the night" which his Redeemer gives him in this "the house of his pilgrimage." Nor does the singing of the ransomed sinner cease with the parting breath of this life. It indeed only then begins in its true perfection, sweetness, and purity. The Harp and Song he has laid down beside the grave shall be taken up again with sweeter chords and more tuneful notes, when bursting the bars of the tomb he shall come forth more than a conqueror over death and the grave. In that world to come, the undimmed eye of immortal youth shall gaze with rapture upon the unsullied beauties of the new creation; the untired ear shall catch the notes of its seraphic music; the unwearied voice shall break forth into singing the Eternal Anthem.

To the general views now presented on the interesting and important subject of Music as a divine ordinance of the religion of Christ, I will add two or three suggestions bearing upon the best method of promoting the use of sacred harmony in the services of the Church.

1. Music, and especially music in the worship of God, ought to be simple and adapted to the contents of the psalm or hymn to which it is sung or played. Where this simplicity and adaptation are wanting, a vain fancy may be tickled or a corrupt taste for the moment be gratified, but no permanent impression for good can be made. "Simplicity in music," says an excellent writer, "is not at all incompatible with that variety of modulation and expression which are necessary to its full effect. But it stands opposed to complex and fantastical compositions, to useless repetitions, drawling syncopations of several bars, long slurs, and quick bandied notes. In such tunes there can be no just regard paid to the proper emphasis, cadence, or pronunciation. And thus the proprieties of language and the graces of poetry are marred and destroyed." The Apostle Paul, with his usual good taste and felicity of illustration has set this fault in its true light. "And even things without life," says he, "giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" Much more may it be asked when the words of a hymn or psalm are so intoned or mouthed as to destroy all distinctness, "How shall it be known

what is said or sung?" No matter how excellent the words or how well adapted the tune to the sentiment they express, if good pronunciation is wanting the real design of church music is defeated, and its moral effects lost. And so, when instrumental music is combined with vocal, it should never be allowed to drown the voice of the singers so that the words of the song can not be distinctly heard. Let it then be constantly borne in mind that it is a rule of first importance in sacred harmony that they who sing, and especially they who lead the music, shall pronounce in a clear, articulate, audible manner, so that all may understand what is sung.

Those tunes called solos have sometimes the very finest effect. No one that had the pleasure of hearing the "Swedish Nightingale"—Jenny Lind—could ever forget her singing those words of believing hope, once chanted by Job amid the ashes of affliction: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And all can recall the thrilling effect of the sad song, "Too late! Too late!" as sung in this place by one of our own sweet singers. The duet, too, especially in responsive pieces, may be used with admirable effect. Nor ought the Anthem or the Chant to be left out of the music of the Church. But those compositions which include all the four parts are in general best adapted to the worship of the Church, so that the whole congregation may join in the singing—the organ playing and the choir leading in harmony the several parts, whilst the congregation take up the melody in unison. And it is one of the great advantages of combining the choir with the congregation, that it affords the fullest opportunity of bringing into the service of the Church all those varieties of sacred song which God has approved in His worship.

I am persuaded, too, that it would be greatly promotive of good congregational singing if the Hymns and the Tunes sung in each church were so uniformly joined together, as that it should come to be that the words of the hymn and the tune attached to it being associated in the mind would mutually suggest each other.

2. It is a Christian duty to endeavor to acquire so much knowledge of music as to be able to practice it with ease and propriety in the praise of God. It is rare to find any one so destitute of ear and voice as to be quite unable to learn to sing correctly. The capacity to enjoy and execute sacred melodies is a gift of God, to be consecrated to His glory. It is not a talent to be used merely for our own personal gratification. It is a trust to be improved for His honor, in doing which we promote our own enjoyment.

But what if we suffer this noble gift to lie unimproved? Or what, if worse than this, we pervert it to improper purposes, or make use of it

only for idle amusement? Will we not stand condemned with the unprofitable servant? Will we not be in danger of being banished to the world of darkness, where no voice of melody is ever heard, but only the awful discord of wailing and of remorseful woe? Let those who have hitherto thought lightly of this subject, or who have not thought of it at all, now consider it. Let them no longer slight the praises of God. Let parents see that their children are taught sacred music, and let the young improve the privilege of learning to sing in the worship of God, both in the family circle and in the sanctuary. And if any have grown too old in their negligence of this culture now to begin, then let them repent of their sinful neglect, and bring forth the fruits of repentance by encouraging and aiding others in endeavoring to improve this part of Christian worship.

And here I can not forbear calling attention to what seems to me a very serious error, and one which, so long as it is persisted in, will continue to render good singing, by congregations in public worship, utterly impossible. The error consists in having one style of songs and tunes for the children and youth at home and in the Sabbath-school, and an entirely different style, both of hymns and tunes, in the worship of the congregation. The result is somewhat the same as if the children should learn to speak one language and the men and women quite another. I do not enter into the question, whether the style of Sabbath-school music and songs now most in vogue is such as accords with correct taste. It is a question, however, that might well claim discussion. But this much will hardly be denied, that if the body of our congregations are to unite in singing the hymns sung in the church, the children and youth of Christian families must be both taught the tunes to which those hymns are sung, and also made familiar with the hymns.

3. A very large portion of the Church, it is to be feared, undervalues Music as an Ordinance of God and a Means of Grace; and of necessary consequence, treats it with indifference and neglect. Contention, strife, and complaint about organs and choirs and singers there is enough, and more than enough. But united, earnest, steady effort to help in its improvement, but very few are found disposed to make. On this point, much might be said, and not without profit. But for the present I shall only ask a few questions. Why is it that singing in private devotion is so seldom thought of by professing Christians? Why so rarely is it that worship in the family is accompanied and enlivened by the harmony of holy song? Why so much time found for worldly recreations and amusements, and none for cultivating the divine ordinance of sacred music? Why can mem-

bers of the Church, both in country and city, lavish so much expenditure upon ornament and so-called accomplishments—upon the dress-maker, the music-teacher, and the dancing master—and yet have nothing, or next to nothing, to give for securing and sustaining such music in the House of God as would make it, in some measure, an honor to His glorious name and exalted worship, and render it effective in giving force and power to the preaching of the Word?

Surely no one will deny that these questions are warranted by the most notorious facts. Then put them not aside with a frown, or a jest, or indifferent forgetfulness, but ponder them thoroughly and prayerfully, and resolve that you will help to roll away this reproach (if it exist) from at least the particular church of which you may be a member; and strive to make this part of worship more attractive to the many who now pass by the assemblies of the House of God.

4. In conclusion, remember the exhortation of the Apostle: "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." This is the Christian's best recreation. This his solace in his affliction. This the enlivener of his sadness and loneliness. This the purest and most worthy way of expressing his gratitude and joy. "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." This is primitive—this is Apostolic Christianity indeed, at least in one of its most beautiful and attractive features. Shall we ever return to it? How happy the day, if so it might be. If, instead of those scenes of midnight mirth and dissipation, where the Christian "treads unhallowed ground, and breathes an air that chills the fervor of his piety," the dwellings of God's professed people resounded with holy song and gladness, how delightful, how Heavenly! How sorrow would be assuaged, how strife would be silenced, how revelry would skulk into darkness, how vice would cease to ruin the souls of the children and blast the fair hopes of fathers and mothers! How soon our holy religion would shine forth in her beautiful bridal garments of purity and praise! The admiration even of her foes. The beauty of the nations. The delight of angels. The joy of her God!

And my heart's desire and prayer to God this day is that you, the people of my charge—this flock of God—may all so learn and love the songs of Zion now that, in the COMING GLORY, at the appearing and kingdom of our Lord Jesus, ye may, every one, be prepared to join the full Choir of the Redeemed out of every kindred and tribe and tongue, who, with the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, shall sing: "AL-LELUJAH! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!"



HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

1

Tune—Lyons. 5s & 6s or 11s.

1 O worship the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

4 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration,
Shall sing to thy praise.

2

Tune—Philadelphia.

L. M.

1 Thee we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

3

Tune—Fount.

8s, 7s & 4s.

1 God is in his holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heav'n, and heav'n of
heavens,
O Thou great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Welcome, welcome,
God with us, Immanuel.

4

Tune—Monon.

S. M.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living fire,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

5 *Tune—Park.* 8s & 7s.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! Thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, O bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows and flows for evermore.

6 *Tune—Moors.* C. M.

1 Fountain of love! thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

2 An undivided nature, shared
With Father and with Son;
A person by Thyself; with them
Thy simple essence one.

3 A full, wide-flowing ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel thy waters move.

4 Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense thou art:
And yet thou canst contract thyself
Within my narrow heart.

5 O Spirit, beautiful and free,
My heart could almost break
At thought of all thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

6 The love of Jesus I adore;
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord,
That service honors thee.

7 *Tune—Rochester.* C. M.

1 Abide among us with thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore;
Nor let us ere to sin give place,
Nor grieve him we adore.

2 Abide among us with thy word,
Redeemer, whom we love,
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with thee above.

3 Abide among us with thy ray,
O Light that lightenest all,
And let thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
Our souls with grace and power now fill
Our faith and love increase.

8 *Tune—Autumn.* 8s & 7s.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,

God, thine hope shall bear through all,

Plague shall not come near thy dwelling,

Thee no evil shall befall :

He shall charge his angel-legions

Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,

Though thou walk in hostile regions,

Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and true affection,

Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of his protection

He will shield thee from above ;

Thou shalt call on him in trouble,

He will hearken, he will save ;

Here for grief reward thee double,

Crown with life beyond the grave.

9

Tune—Madison.

8s.

1 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,

Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,

My all to thy covenant care

I sleeping or waking resign.

If thou art my Shield and my Sun,

The night is no darkness to me ;

And, fast as my moments roll on,

They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend

To watch while thy saints are asleep ;

By day and by night they attend,

The heirs of salvation to keep.

Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,

Repair to their stations assigned ;

And angels elect are sent down

To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows ;

Their fervor is still on the wing ;

And while they protect my repose,

They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordained,

Their chorus for ever shall join,

And love and adore, without end,

Their faithful Creator and mine.

10

Tune—Caro.

8s & 7s.

1 "Abba, Father," we approach thee,

In our Saviour's precious name ;

We, thy children, here assembling,

Now thy promised blessings claim.

From our sins his blood hath washed us,

'Tis through him our souls draw nigh

And thy Spirit, too, has taught us,

"Abba, Father," thus to cry.

2 "Abba, Father," Lord ! we call thee,

Hallow'd name ! from day to day :

'Tis thy children's right to know thee ;

None but children "Father" say.

This high glory we inherit,

Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood ;

God the Spirit, with our spirit,

Witnesseth we're sons of God.

3 Hence, thro' all the changing seasons,

Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,

Nothing changeth God's affections,

Love divine shall bring us through ;

Soon shall all thy blood-bought children

Round the throne their anthems raise,

And, in songs of rich salvation,

Shout to God's eternal praise.

11

Tune—Olivet.

6s & 4s.

1 Glory to God on high !

Peace upon earth and joy !

Good will to man !

We who his blessing prove,

Join with the host above,

Shouting his wondrous love,

Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite,

This is a joyful sight,

All sights above !

Jesus the curse sustains,

Bitter the cup he drains,

Nothing for us remains,

Nothing but love !

3 Love that no tongue can teach,

Love that no thought can reach,

No love like this !

God is its blessed source,

Death could not stop its course,

Nothing can stay its force,

Matchless it is !

4 Blest in this love we sing,

To God our praises bring ;

All sin forgiven !

Jesus, our Lord, to thee,

Honor and majesty,

Now and for ever be,

Here and in Heaven !

12

Tune—Perez.

8s & 7s.

1 Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

2 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;

3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored,
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most high."

5 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

6 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

13

Tune—Dalston.

S. P. M.

1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised to-day;
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ my LORD be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be truly praised.
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings, [praised.
May Christ my great High Priest be

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ by all be praised:
This song of sacred joy
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ the Lamb be praised.

4 Be this while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ on earth be praised;
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ my KING be
praised.

14

Tune—Alida.

D. C. M.

1 Jesus is God! The solid earth,
The ocean, broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the flashing fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! There never was
A time when he was not:
Boundless, immortal, merciful,
Eternally begot! [stretch.
Backward our thoughts through ages
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his!

4 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

15

Tune—Unam.

8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners hear:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our hope and stay:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

16 *Tune—Emerson.* 8s & 7s.

1 Praise be thine, most Holy Spirit,
Honor to thy holy name!
May we love it, may we fear it,
Set in everlasting fame!
Honor to thee, praise and glory,
Comforter, Inspirer, Friend,
Till these troubles transitory
End in glory without end.

2 By thy hand, in secret working
Like a midnight of soft rain,
Seeds that lay in silence lurking,
Spring up green and grow amain,
Roots, which in their dusty bosoms,
Hid an age of golden days,
Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
Clothe their bareness for thy praise.

3 As an island, in a river
Vexed with endless rave and roar,
Keeps an inner silence ever
On its consecrated shore,
Fresh with flowers and green with
grasses;
So the poor through thee abide;
Every outer care that presses,
Deepening more the peace inside.

4 When our heart is faint thou warm-
est,
Justifiest our delight:
Thou our ignorance informest,
And our wisdom shapest right.
From the heavens true peace thou send-
est
In the hour of doubt and strife;
Thou beginnest and thou endest
All that Christians count of life.

17 *Tune—Webb.* 7s & 6s.

1 We plow the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.

18 *Tune—Gruner.* 8s, 7s & 4s

1 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain,
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

19

Tune—Germany.

8s & 7s

1 Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.

2 O that Birth for ever blessed!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face.

3 This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the longexpected;
Let creation praise its Lord!

4 O ye heights of Heaven adore him!
Angel-hosts his praises sing!
All dominions bow before him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring.

5 Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring.

6 Christ! to thee with God the Father,
And O Holy Ghost, to thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanks-
giving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, all dominion,
And eternal victory.

20

Tune—Dennis.

S. M.

1 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read,
A virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised seed.

2 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

3 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

4 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy
came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.

21

Tune—Beethoven.

L. M.

1 What star is this, with beams so
bright,
More beauteous than the noonday
light?

It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to his cradle bring.

2 See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

3 The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on in paths benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.

5 O Jesus! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

22 *Tune—Gruener, with chorus from “Flints”
Tune.”* 8s, 7s & 4s

1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o’er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation’s story,
Now proclaim Messiah’s birth,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o’er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple now appears;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

23 *Tune—Belief.* C. M. D.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
“Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven’s all-glorious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life’s crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With weary steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hast’ning on,
By prophetbards foretold,
When with the ever-circ’ling years,
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

24 *Tune—Lischer.* H. M.

1 We’ll sing in spite of scorn;
Our theme is come from Heaven;
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
The sweetest news that ever came
We’ll sing, though all the world should
blame.

2 The long expected morn
Has dawn’d upon the earth;
The Saviour, Christ, is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We’ll join the bright seraphic throng,
We’ll share their joys, and swell their
song.

3 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine
Could form the wondrous plan
Where peace and righteousness embrace
And justice goes along with grace

4 Give praise to God on high
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone!
’Tis meet his saints their songs should
raise
And give their Saviour endless praise.

25 *Tune—Eltham.* 7s, 8 lines.

1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David’s stem
In thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to thee address’d
God in man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest,
In thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to thee address,
God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to thee address,
God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heaven shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see his glorious sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in man made manifest.

26*Tune—Bartimeus.*

8s & 7s.

1 Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel;
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule his Israel.

2 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

3 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning;
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.

4 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshiped
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

27*Tune—Rockingham.*

L. M.

1 The Word, with God the Father One
Before the heavens and earth were made,
Is now the Virgin's new-born Son,
Upon her lowly bosom laid.

2 Already o'er his sinless head
The streams of wrath begin to flow;
Already on his infant bed
The taste of grief he deigns to know.

3 The lowliest poverty he bears
That we may be with wealth supplied;
He weeps; O precious grief and tears!
Through him the world is purified.

4 An humble dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure his glory hide:
Proud man, behold thy lowly God,
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

28*Tune—Cross and Crown.*

C. M.

1 The heavenly child in stature grows,
And, growing, learns to die;
And still his early training shows
His coming agony.

2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

4 He whom the choirs of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys,
In deep humility.

29*Tune—St. Ann's.*

C. M.

1 O Sion, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear,
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth himself, is here:

2 No more the simple flock shall bleed;
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to his own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

3 Mother of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born babe, with two young
doves,
Her tender offerings.

4 The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

30 *Tune—St. Thomas.* *S. M.*

1 The ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Life divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless child.

3 His infant body now
Begins our pain to feel;
Those precious drops of blood that flow
For death the victim seal.

4 To-day the name is thine
At which we bend the knee;
They call thee JESUS, Child Divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

31 *Tune—Federal Street.* *L. M.*

1 O blessed day, when first was poured
The blood of our redeeming Lord!
O blessed day, when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man!

2 Scarce entered on this life of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow;
A foretaste of his death he feels,
An earnest of his love reveals.

3 For love of us his woes begin;
The Sinless suffers for our sin;
The law's great Maker for our aid
Obedient to the law is made.

4 Lord, circumscribe our hearts, we pray,
And take what is not thine away;
Write thine own name within our
hearts,
Thy law upon our inmost parts.

32 *Tune—Ionia.* *7s, 4 lines.*

1 Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about thy way;
Stones thy pillow; earth thy bed.

3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain.

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

33 *Tune—Lenox.* *P. M.*

1 Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand
At heaven's opening door,
His fan is in his hand,
And he will purge his floor;
The wheat he claims
And with him stows;
The chaff he throws
To quenchless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make his way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

34 *Tune—Duke Street.* *L. M.*

1 O wondrous type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and
sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have
place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaims his only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

35 *Tune—Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.*

1 In days of old on Sinai
The Lord Almighty came,
In majesty of terror,
In thundercloud and flame:
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was expressed.

2 All light created paled there,
And did him worship meet;
The sun itself adored him,
And bowed before his feet;
While Moses and Elias,
Upon the holy Mount,
The co-eternal glory
Of Christ our God recount.

3 O holy, wondrous vision!
But what when, this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heaven at last?
But what when all the glory
Of uncreated light
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?

36 *Tune—Germany. 8s, 7s, 6 lines.*

PART I

1 Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the cross, the victor's trophy,
Sound the glad triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

2 He, our Maker, deeply grieving
That the first made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

3 Thus the work for our salvation
He ordained to be done:
To the traitor's art opposing
Art yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound begun.

4 Therefore, when at length the fullness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

5 Lo, he lies an infant, weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands,
While the mother-maid his members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,
And the swaddling clothes is winding
Round his helpless feet and hands.

Tune—Kedesh. 8s, 7s, 6 lines.

PART II.

1 Now the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth he willed to see,
Born for this, he meets his passion,
Gives himself an offering free;
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the sacrifice to be.

2 There the nails and spear he suffers,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed;
From his sacred body pierced
Blood and water both proceed;
Precious blood, which the creature
From the stain of sin hath freed.

3 Faithful cross, above all other
One and only noble tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron;
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

4 Bend, O lofty tree, thy branches,
Thy too rigid sinews bend;
And awhile the stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestowed, suspend,
And the limbs of heaven's high
monarch
Gently on thine arms extend.

5 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain
With the sacred blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

37 *Tune—Rock of Ages.* 7s, 6 lines.

1 Many woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet,
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless lamb of God:
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause—
Sins immense as is the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

4 Here's my claim, and here alone:
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No: not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above:
We adore thee, gracious Three—
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

38 *Tune—Seclusion.* 7s & 6s.

1 O head, blood-stained and wounded,
With grief and shame bent down!
Head, jestingly surrounded
With plaited thorns for crown!
Head, in whose light reflected
The angels erst did shine,
Despised and rejected,
All hail, Redeemer mine!

2 O face, before whose glory
The worlds shall shrink away,
Defiled and bruised and gory,
Thou look'st on me to-day.
Whence comes this livid whiteness?
What hand hath quenched in night
That eye of heavenly brightness,
That fount of living light?

3 The hues of health have faded
From that care-wrinkled cheek;
These lips, forlorn and jaded,
Part, but lack force to speak.
The might of death hath quenched
Thy comeliness at length,
And from thy body wrenched
The sinews of its strength.

4 The burden, Lord, that lieth
On thy meek head is mine;
The ransom-price that buyeth
The captive back is thine.
Oh, hither, Mediator,
In mercy turn thy face!
On me, Sin-expiator,
Shed glances of thy grace!

39 *Tune—Rural Hill.* 6s & 4s.

1 O head, so full of bruises!
Brow, that its life-blood loses!
Oh, great humility!
Across his face are flying
The shadows of the dying:
'Twas suffered all for me!

2 O back, by scourges plowed!
O soul, by sorrow bowed
Upon the accursed tree!
He hears the bitter scorning:
'Tis night without a dawning:
'Twas suffered all for me!

3 Eye, that in darkness sinketh!
Lip, that the red cup drinketh!
Hands, bound in misery!
See, from his feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth!
'Twas suffered all for me!

4 And now he speaks: oh, hearken,
While clouds all nature darken!
"Lama sabacthani!"
His head is bent and droopeth!
To such a death he stoopeth!
'Twas suffered all for me!

40

Tune—Laconia.

8s & 3s.

1 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
 On the cross!
 For us he shed his precious blood
 On the cross.
 Oh! hear that strange expiring cry—
 “Eli, lama sabaethani?”
 Draw near and see the Saviour die
 On the cross.

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up
 On the cross.
 He drinks for us the bitter cup
 On the cross.
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 The earth doth to its centre shake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make
 On the cross.

3 And now the mighty deed is done
 On the cross.
 The battle's fought, the victory won
 On the cross.
 To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
 “’Tis finished,” now the conqueror cries,
 Then bows his sacred head and dies
 On the cross.

41

Tune—Vanderender.

7s & 6s.

1 O sacred head, surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn!
 O bleeding head, so wounded,
 Reviled, and put to scorn!
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
 The glow of life decays,
 Yet angel hosts adore thee,
 And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see thy strength and vigor
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigor
 Bereaving thee of life;
 O agony and dying!
 O love to sinners free!
 Jesus, all grace supplying,
 O turn thy face on me.

3 In this, thy bitter passion,
 Good Shepherd, think of me
 With thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be.

Beneath thy cross abiding,
 For ever would I rest;
 In thy dear love confiding,
 And with thy presence blest.

42

Tune—Holborn

5s & 11s.

1 All ye who pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh;
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should
 die?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is:
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
 his.

2 The Lord in the day
 Of his anger did lay
 Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore
 them away:
 He died to atone
 For guilt not his own;
 The Father afflicted for you his dear
 Son.

3 For sinners like me
 He died on the tree;
 His death is accepted; the sinner goes
 free;
 My pardon I claim;
 A sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus' dear name.

4 He purchased the grace
 That now I embrace;
 O Father! thou knowest he died in my
 place:
 His death is my plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that has an-
 swered for me.

43

Tune—Zebulon.

H. M.

1 Himself he could not save,
 He on the cross must die,
 Or mercy can not come
 To ruined sinners nigh;
 Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed,
 That sinners might from sin be freed.

2 Himself he could not save,
 For justice must be done;
 And sin's full weight must fall
 Upon a sinless one;

For nothing else can God accept
In payment for the fearful debt.

3 Himself he could not save,
For he the surety stood
For all who now rely
Upon his precious blood:
He bore the penalty of guilt,
When on the cross his blood was spilt.

4 Himself he could not save,
Yet now a Saviour he;
Come, sinner, to him come,
He waits to welcome thee;
Believe in him, and thou shalt prove
His saving power, his deathless love.

44 *Tune—Philadelphia.* L. M.

1 O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spake, seven words of
love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

45 *Tune—Ferguson.* S. M.

1 No blood, no altar now,
The sacrifice is o'er;
No flame, no smoke, ascends on high;
The Lamb is slain no more!

2 We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ, thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won.

3 We thank thee for the grace
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love.

4 We thank thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up,
Till the long dawn appear.

5 We thank thee for the crown
Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor with'ring wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife.

46 *Tune—Sweet Hour of Prayer.* L. M. D.

1 No, not the love without the blood;
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears which me appall.
I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave,
I need the resurrection power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

2 The love I need is righteous love,
Inscribed on the sin-bearing tree,
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet, in exacting, sets him free.
Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet, in condemning, pardon seals;
That saves from righteous wrath, and
yet,
In saving, righteousness reveals.

3 Love boundless as Jehovah's self,
Love holy as his righteous law,
Love unsolicited, unbought,
The love proclaimed on Golgotha.
This is the love that calms my heart,
That soothes each conscience pang
within,
That pacifies my guilty dread,
And frees me from the power of sin.

47 *Tune—Quito.* L. M.

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst he hung, his sacred
side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could
pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

48 *Tune—Athol or Cambridge.* S. M

1 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those hands
And feet, so tender, rend;
See down his face, and neck, and breast
His sacred blood descend.

3 The sun withdraws his light;
The mid-day heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their Maker's death bewail.

4 Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, no fears?
Come, old and young, come, all man-
kind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

5 Come, fall before his cross,
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died, the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

49 *Tune—Zebulon.* H. M.

1 Done is the work that saves!
Once and for ever done:
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one;
The love that blesses us below,
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy seat is red
With blood of victim slain;
Why stand ye then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear and free and bright,
With love and peace and day;
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

4 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in his hand
Which makes and keeps us clean;
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

5 Then to the Lamb once slain
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore;
Who loved and washed us in his blood,
Who made us kings and priests to God.

50 *Tune—Essex.* 7s, 4 lines.

1 Christ has done the mighty work,
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on his toil,
Enter on his triumph too.

2 He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own.

3 His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great;
His the good and ours the ill,
His the love and ours the hate.

4 Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light;
Ours the cloud and his the sun,
His the dayspring, ours the night.

5 His the labor, ours the rest,
His the death and ours the life;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the agony and strife.

51

Tune—Old Hundred.

L. M.

1 The cross stands firm; no blast of time,
No hurricane of earth's rude clime,
Can shake its heavenly steadfastness,
Or lessen its high power to bless.

2 The tidings from that tree of love
Are still God's message from above,
Telling, each hour, of cleansing blood,
And pointing to the upward road.

3 Still does the Christ his grace reveal,
His well of living joy unseal;
Still telling of his love and light,
His meekness, majesty, and might.

4 Still waves life's tree its glorious
wealth,
Laden with everlasting health;
With fruit and leaf divinely fair,
And immortality still there.

5 Still from the rock the waters burst
To quench the weary spirit's thirst;
Who drinketh once will drink again,
Who drinketh shall not drink in vain.

52

Tune—Martyn.

7s, 8 lines.

1 Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh! by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of whelming fear;
By thine agony and prayer;
By thy purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn;
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By thy sealed sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

53

Tune—Lischer.

H. M.

1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.

To whom, save thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.
To whom, save thee, etc.

3 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, save thee, etc.

4 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, save thee, etc.

54

Tune—Admah.

L. P. M.

1 O love divine, what hast thou done!
The Lord of life hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace,
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied,
The Lord, my love, was crucified:

3 Was crucified for you and me,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Salvation now for us is free;
His church is purchased with his
blood;

Pardon and life flow from his side;
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak, or think beside,
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

55

Tune—Upton.

L. M.

1 O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 We read thee in the flowers, the
trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

3 We read thee best in Him who came,
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

4 We read thee in the manger-bed,
On which his infancy was laid;
And Nazareth that love reveals,
Nestling amid its lonely hills.

5 We read thee in the tears once shed
Over doomed Salem's guilty head,
In the cold tomb of Bethany,
And blood-drops of Gethsemane.

6 We read thy power to bless and
save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fullness of thy might.

56

Tune—Ctro.

8s & 7s.

1 Wherefore weep we over Jesus,
O'er his death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather that he sees us
Unconcerned and hard of heart;

For his soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain:
'Twas for us he was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

2 Oh! what profits it with groaning
Underneath his cross to stand;
Oh! what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand!
Wherefore gaze on him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring
Wherefore, and for whom, he died?

3 If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,
If the cruel death he suffered
Is sin's just and meet reward;
Then it must have been for others
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon his head.

4 And for whom hath he contended
In a strife so strange and new?
And for whom to hell descended?
Brothers, 'twas for me and you!
Now you see that he was reaping
Punishment for us alone;
And we have great cause for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

57

Tune—Life.

8s, 7s, & 7s.

1 All is o'er—the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Lo, his grave! the gray rock closes
O'er that virgin burial-ground;
Near it breathe the garden roses:
Trees funeral droop around,
In whose boughs the small birds rest,
And the stock dove builds her nest.

3 Close and still the cell that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes—
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross he bore :
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's
head.

58 *Tune—Rock of Ages.* 7s, 6 lines.

1 Resting from his work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still he slept,—from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine,
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure, embalmèd cell,
None but thou mayst ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

59 *Tune—Hastings.* C. L. M.

1 A pathway opens from the tomb ;
The grave's a grave no more !
Stoop down ; look into that sweet
room,

Pass through the unsealed door :
Linger a moment by the bed
Where lay but yesterday our Head.

2 What is ther' there to make thee fear ?
A folded chamber-vest,
Akin to that which thou shalt wear
When for thy slumber dressed ;
Two gentle angels standing by :
How sweet a room wherein to lie.

3 No gloomy vault, no charnel-cell,
No emblem of decay :
No solemn sound of passing bell
To say, "He's gone away !" —
But angel-whispers, soft and clear,
And Jesus, risen, standing near.

4 Take flowers and strew them all
around
The room where Jesus lay,
But softly tread ; 'tis hallowed ground,
And this our Sabbath day.
"The Lord is risen, as he said,"
And thou shalt rise with him, thy
Head.

60 *Tune—Harwell.* 8s & 7s.

1 Alleluia ! alleluia !
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness :
Sing to Christ a hymn of praise.
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen—Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield :
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen—we are risen :
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of thy face ;
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered
To be ever safe with thee.

4 Alleluia ! alleluia !
Glory be to God on high,
To the Father, and the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory :
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity.
Alleluia ! alleluia !
To the Triune Majesty.

61

Tune—Olivet.

6s & 4s.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise;
 Into thy native skies,—
 Assume thy right:
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled—
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, Incarnate God!—
 No feet but thine have trod
 The serpent down;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant—go,
 And take thy crown!

4 Yet—who are those behind,
 In numbers more than mind
 Can count or say—
 Clothed in immortal stoles,
 Illumining the poles—
 A galaxy of souls,
 In white array?

5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star—
 Lo! these have come,
 Followers of him, who gave
 His life, their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home.

62

Tune—Missionary Hymn.

7s & 6s.

1 The day of resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad;
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God;
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ has brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;

And, listening to his accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own "All hail," and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

63

Tune—Webb.

7s & 6s.

1 With laud and loud thanksgiving,
 Thee, Saviour, we adore,
 The dead who now art living,
 And shall live evermore—
 Set in the eternal city,
 At God's right hand above,
 The infinite in pity,
 The measureless in love.

2 For thee the nard and spices,
 And the fine linen's fold;
 But not for thee suffices
 The ointment and the gold;
 Things nobler still and fairer,
 O Saviour, shall be thine:
 Man's heart hath off'rings rarer,
 Sweet sound and song divine.

3 Till, wafted by devotion,
 Our human voices call
 Across the crystal ocean,
 Across the jasper wall,
 Unto the city golden
 Where God is on his throne,
 Where sweeter harps are holden,
 And better Hymns are known,

4 And blend their measures lowly
 With the eternal lay,
 The "Holy, holy, holy!"
 That rises night and day—
 And that great song expressing,
 While heaven's far arches ring,
 Salvation, glory, blessing,
 And honor to our King.

64

Tune—Good Tidings.

S. M. D.

1 Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Oh may thy promised Comforter,
Lord, lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

65

Tune—Ami.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him: Crown him:
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown
him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown him: Crown him:
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels bend around him,
Own his title: praise his name:
Crown him: Crown him:
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Lamb of God, our strong salvation,
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him: Crown him:
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

66

Tune—Moors.

C. M.

1 It is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning follower's
grief,
And wipes the falling tear;

2 "Because I leave this world," he
cries,
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
But tho' I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.

3 "My Spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,
Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead."

4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounced his parting prayer;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Conveyed him through the air.

5 With solemn awe his followers viewed
The splendor of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Received the Saviour in.

6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Through distant lands, his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy,
Expect our risen Lord

67

Tune—Yates.

8s & 7s.

1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds his chariot
To his heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;

He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 While he lifts his hands in blessing,
 He is parted from his friends;
 While their eager eyes behold him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
 He who walked with God, and pleased
 him,
 Preaching truth, and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated
 To his everlasting home.

4 He has raised our human nature
 In the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with him in glory stand:
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in thine ascension;
 We by faith behold our own.

68*Tune—Malleville.*

7s & 6s.

1 All glory, laud, and honor
 To thee, Redeemer, King!
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,
 The King and blessed one.

3 The company of angels
 Are praising thee on high,
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before thee went,
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before thee we present.

5 To thee before thy passion
 They sang their hymns of praise,
 To thee now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.

PART I.

69*German Air, or Mendon.*

L. M.

1 The Son of God in mighty love,
 Came down to Bethlehem for me;
 Forsook his throne of light above,
 An infant upon earth to be.

2 In love, the Father's sinless child
 Sojourned at Nazareth for me;
 With sinners dwelt the undefiled,
 The Holy one in Galilee.

3 Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
 Became a man of griefs for me;
 In love, though rich, becoming poor,
 That I, through him, enriched might
 be.

4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
 He went to Olivet for me;
 There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
 When bleeding in Gethsemane.

PART II.

Tune—Rolland.

1 The ever-blessed Son of God
 Went up to Calvary for me;
 There paid my debt, there bore my load,
 In his own body on the tree.

2 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
 Went down into the grave for me;
 There overcame my enemies,
 There won the glorious victory,

3 In love the whole dark path he trod,
 To consecrate a way for me;
 Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
 From Bethlehem to Calvary.

4 'Tis finished all; the veil is rent,
 The welcome sure, the access free;
 Now then we leave our banishment,
 O Father, to return to thee!

70*Tune—Devizes.*

C. II.

1 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
 The Lamb for sinners slain;
 Who art by heaven and earth adored,
 Worthy o'er both to reign!

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
 Through heaven's extended coasts:
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
 Of glory and of hosts!

3 The prophet's goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise thee, thou Son of God, and reap
The fullness of thy rest.

4 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

5 Throughout the world thy churches
join
To call on thee, their Head,—
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made!

6 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy lamb of God!

71

Tune—*Olivet.*

Cs & 4s.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove:
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

72

Tune—*Solon.*

C. M.

1 Once, only once, and once for all,
His precious life he gave;
Before the cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

2 "One offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

4 So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.

73

Tune—*Bartimeus.* 8s & 7s, single.

1 Thou art near—yes, Lord, I feel it,
Thou art near where'er I move,
And though sense would fain conceal it,
Faith oft whispers it to Love.

2 Am I weak? Thine arm doth lead
me
Safe through every danger, Lord:
Am I hungry? Thou dost feed me
With the manna of thy Word.

3 Am I thirsting? Thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow;
Faint or feeble, thou'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.

4 Am I fearful? Thou wilt take me
Underneath thy wings, my God!
Am I faithless? Thou wilt make me
Bow beneath thy chastening rod.

5 Am I drooping? Thou art near me,
Near to bear me on my way:
Am I pleading? Thou dost hear me,
Hear and answer, when I pray.

74

Tune—*Harwell.*

8s & 7s.

1 Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluia, his the triumph,
His the victory alone;

Hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluia, not as orphans
We are left in sorrow now;
Alleluia, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received
him,

When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
"I am with you ever more?"

3 Alleluia, bread of angels,
Thou on earth, our food, our stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy
throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
Shown in Eucharistic feast.

75 *Tune—Dormance. 8s & 7s, single.*

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

76

Tune—Zerah.

C. 11.

1 Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor earthly thing
But hearts to be thine own.

4 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

5 Oh Saviour, if redeemed by thee
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity!
We'll sing to harps of gold.

77

Tune—Frederick. 6s & 5s or 11s.

1 While darkness yet hovers,
The harbinger star
Peers through and discovers
The dawn from afar.
To many an aching
And watch-wearied eye
The dayspring is breaking,
Once more, from on high.

2 With lamps trimmed and burning,
The Church, on her way
To meet thy returning,
O bright King of day!
Goes forth and rejoices,
Exulting and free,
And sends from all voices
Hosannas to thee.

3 She casts off her sorrows,
To rise and to shine
With the lustre she borrows,
O Saviour! from thine.
Look down, for thine honor,
O Lord! and increase,
In mercy, upon her
The blessing of peace.

4 Her children, with trembling
Await, but not fear,
Till the time of assembling
Before thee draws near;
When, freed from all sadness
And sorrow and pain,
They'll meet thee in gladness
And glory, again.

78

Tune—Woodstock.

C. M.

1 Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
An heir of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away—
The bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes—for, oh! his yearning
heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his Bride away.

5 Thou, too, shalt reign—he will not
wear
His crown of joy alone!
And earth, his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.

79

Tune—Calvary.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase.
Maranatha!
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign.
Maranatha!
Let each heart repeat the strain!

3 Long thy exiles have been pining
Far from rest and home and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see.
Maranatha!
Haste the glorious jubilee!

4 Fast flows on the tide of ages;
Of its fullness signs appear;
Tokens, by the prophet pages,
Seem to tell the Coming near:
Alleluia!
Welcome, Lord and Saviour dear!

5 Waxeth cold the love of many
Waxeth hot the devil's spite:
Few the steadfast—hardly any
Daring for the true and right.
Alleluia!
Jesus, come in thine own might!

6 Join their cry who've gone before us,
Longing for the final doom:
Theirs and ours redemption's chorus,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come:
Alleluia!
Even so, Lord Jesus, come!

80

Tune—Forever with the Lord. S. M. D.

1 The Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.

How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy and true and good,
 Wilt thou not judge thy suffering
 Church,
 Her sighs and tears and blood?

4 We long to hear thy voice,
 To see thee face to face,
 To share thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share thy grace.
 Should not the loving bride
 The absent bridegroom mourn?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until her Lord return?

5 The whole creation groans
 And waits to hear that voice,
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.

81

Tune—Falcon Street.

S. M.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
 Bring the long looked for day;
 Oh why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay?

2 Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

3 Come, for thy foes are strong;
 With taunting lips they say,
 "Where is the promised Advent now,
 And where the dreaded day?"

4 Come, for the truth is weak,
 And error pours abroad
 Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—
 An earth that hates her God.

5 Come, spoil the strong man's house,
 Bind him and cast him hence,
 Shew thou art stronger than the strong,
 Thyself Omnipotence.

6 Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth,
 Restore our faded Paradise,
 Creation's second birth.

82

Tune—Jordan.

C. M. D.

1 How oft the morn has cheated us,
 As, with unsleeping eye,
 We lay upon our silent couch,
 And watched the changing sky.
 How often, as the heavy hours
 Stole by with soundless haste,
 We've said, "Ah, now the dawn begins,
 The weary night is past."

2 Hours went and came, but yet no
 streak
 On eastern cloud or hill,
 We looked in vain, no sign appeared,
 'Twas night and silence still.
 'Twas but the starlight, not the sun,
 The moonlight, not the day,
 We thought it was the dawn, but now,
 That dawn seems far away.

3 'Tis thus, beguiled with fond desire,
 And sick with hope deferred,
 The watching Church, with eager ear,
 The well known cry has heard;
 "He whom you look for is at hand,
 Both hope and fear are done!"
 No, 'tis not yet,—and still she waits
 The still unrisen sun.

4 Age after age, in love and faith,
 She has, with longing eye,
 Been watching every streak of dawn
 In yon perplexing sky.
 And shall she now give up her trust,
 And turn her eye away,
 As if there were no sun for her
 No hope of light and day?

5 She will not, for she knows how sure
 The promise of her Lord;
 She will not, for she knows how true
 Is the unchanging word.
 The morn shall come; nay, he himself,
 Brighter than morn's best ray,
 Shall come to bid the night depart,
 And bring at last the day.

83

Tune—Sing Praise.

6s.

1 Give ear, O earth, give ear!
 Depths of the mighty sea!
 Give ear, O man! Give ear,
 All 'neath the sun that be!

2 The day of wrath draws near,
The dreadful day of doom;
The sinner's bitter day,
It maketh haste to come.

3 Then shall these ancient skies
Roll up and pass away;
The sun shall blush, and hide
Its face in dread dismay.

4 Alas! alas! alas!
To whom, in that great day,
Shall the sad sinner flee,
On whom for refuge stay?

5 Lost, lost, forever lost!
Too late! too late! he cries;
Lost, lost, for ever lost!
The second death he dies:

6 O Jesus, save and bless,
O Son of God on high:
Then safe in thee we live,
And safe in thee we die.

84 *Tune—Rosenburg.* L. M.

1 O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.

85 *Tune—Somerville.* 7s & 6s.

1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—
The judge that comes in mercy,
The judge that comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but One.

3 And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas—
An endless Sabbath day.

86 *Tune—Farland.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 "Come, Lord Jesus! O come quickly!"
Oft has prayed the mourning Bride:
"Lo!" he answers, "I come quickly!"
Who my coming may abide?
All who loved him,
All who long'd to see his day.

2 "Come," he saith, "ye heirs of glory;
Come, ye purchase of my blood;
Claim the kingdom now before you,
Rise and fill the Mount of God,
Fix'd forever
Where the Lamb on Sion stands."

3 See! Ten thousand burning seraphs
From their thrones as lightnings fly;
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,
Nearest him who rules the sky!"
Patient sufferers,
How rewarded are ye now!

4 In full triumph see them marching
Through the gates of massy light,
While the city walls are sparkling,
With meridian glory bright;
Oh how lovely
Are the dwellings of the Lamb!

5 Through his passion all victorious,
Now they drink immortal wine;
In Immanuel's likeness, glorious
As the firmament, they shine;
Shine forever
With the bright and morning star!

87

Tune—Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.

1 Hark! the cry, "Behold he cometh!"
Hark! the cry, "The Bridegroom's
near!"

These are accents falling sweetly
On the ransomed sinner's ear.

2 Man may disbelieve the tidings,
Or in anger turn away;
'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers,
Rising in the latter day.

3 But he'll come, the Lord from heaven,
Not to suffer or to die;
But to take his waiting people
To their glorious rest on high.

4 Happy they who stand expecting
Christ, the Saviour, to appear:
Sad for those who do not love him—
Those who do not wish him here.

88

Tune—Stand up for Jesus. 7s & 6s.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will he draw nigh:
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry!

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil:
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations,
Ye join the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory:
The Bridegroom is at hand!

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun, so looked for,
On this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

89

Tune—Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

1 The night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all his grace dis-
play—
The fair eternal morning.
Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way and dreary;
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

2 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your
tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long Sabbatic morrow.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming;
It is the bright and morning star
In living lustre beaming.

3 And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending;
Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning
sound
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes! the Bridegroom promised
long:
Go forth with joy to meet him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.

90

Tune—Lenox. H. M.

1 My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My dust again—c'en mine.
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones, till that sweet day;
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

3 My Lord—his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound.
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.

Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

4 I say, sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die,
Lord, silence thou these fears:
My life's with thee on high.

Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

91

Tune—Minnesota. Ss, 7s, & 4s.

1 Lord, our longing hearts grow weary,
Waiting for our soul's loved choice;
Every hour seems sad and dreary,
Till we hear thy welcome voice:
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, and bid our hearts rejoice!

2 Lo! thy members, Lord, oft languish
Midst the world's cold heartless
throng;
Some there are in very anguish,
Crying, Lord, "How long? how
long?"
Come, Lord Jesus!
Quickly raise the joyful song!

3 Thou hast promised thou wouldst
take us
To thy everlasting home;
Greater still, that thou wouldst make us
Sit with thee upon thy throne.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, and claim us as thine own.

4 Blessed Lord, behold thy promise,
See, we hang upon thy word;
Thou hast spoken, "I come quickly;"
Thou hast spoken, we have heard.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, our own, our faithful Lord.

92

Tune—Happy Land. Gs & 4s.

1 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry!
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh! Wake, etc.
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright! Wake, etc.

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch! [etc.
Clear is our Lord's command! Watch,
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the master's gate,
E'en tho' he tarry late! Watch, etc.

3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye his heart rejoice! Pray, etc.
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here! Pray, etc.

4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord! Praise, etc.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angel's songs,
While heaven the note prolongs—
Praise, brethren, praise!

93

Tune—Melody. C. M.

1 My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to him I love.

2 With hope deferr'd oft sick and
faint,
"Why tarries he?" I cry;
Let not my Saviour chide my haste,
For then would I reply:

3 "May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free?"

4 "A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she, that waits her absent lord,
May sigh till he appear."

5 Thus would I see thee on thy throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away!"

94

Tune—Molucca. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descend-
ing!

Hark! the trump of God is blown,
And, th' archangel's voice attending,
Makes the high procession known;
Sons of Adam!

Rise and stand before your God!

2 See the universe in motion,
Sinking on her funeral pyre—
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire;

Hark! the trumpet
Loud proclaims that day of ire!

3 Lo! the last, long separation,
As the cleaving clouds divide;
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!

Lord of mercy,
How shall I that day abide?

4 Oh may thine all gracious Spirit
Now avert a dreadful doom,
And me summon to inherit
Thy eternal, blissful home.

Oh, come quickly!
Let thy second advent come.

95

Tune—Munir. 6s & 5s, or 11s.

1 Time's sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling
In cloud o'er the sky;
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom;
Its midnight approaches,
The midnight of doom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy
for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer,
flee!

2 The vision is nearing,
The Judge and the throne!
The voice of the angel
Proclaims "It is done."

On whirl of the tempest
Its ruler shall come,
The blaze of his glory
Flash out from its gloom;
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy
for thee,

And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer,
flee!

3 With clouds he is coming!
His people shall sing,
With gladness they hail him
Redeemer and King.
The iron rod wielding,
The rod of his ire,
He cometh to kindle
Earth's last fatal fire!

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy
for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer,
flee!

96

Tune—Woodland. 8s, 6s, or C. P. M.

1 Descend, O sinner, to thy woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dream is o'er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore;
For ever sets thy sun!

2 Pass down to the eternal dark;
Yet not for rest nor sleep;
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls for ever weep.

3 Thy songs are at an end; thy harp
Shall solace thee no more;
All mirth has perish'd on thy grave,
The melody that could not save
Has died upon death's sullen wave
That flung thee on this shore.

4 Earth, with its waves, and woods, and
winds,
Its stars, and suns, and streams,
Its joyous air and gentle skies,
Fill'd with all happy melodies,
Has passed, or, with dark memories,
Comes back in torturing dreams.

5 No river of forgetfulness,
As poets dream'd and sung,
Rolls yonder to efface the past,
To quench the sense of what thou wast,
To soothe or end thy pain at last,
Or cool thy burning tongue.

6 No God is there; no Christ; for he,
Whose word on earth was "Come,"
Hath said, "Depart:" go, lost one, go,
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe,
Their prison is thy home.

7 Depart, O sinner, to the chain!
Enter the eternal cell;
To all that's good, and true, and right,
To all that's fond, and fair, and bright,
To all of holiness and light,
Bid thou thy last farewell!

97 *Tune—Ganges.* L. C. M.

1 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone!
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

2 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days,
With fiends, or angels spend?

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my stay,
To glorious happiness;
Oh write thy pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

98 *Tune—Rolland.* L. M.

1 Beyond the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

2 Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

3 I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it can not brook delay;—
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away!

4 O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies.

5 Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for Creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

99 *Tune—Ortonville.* C. M.

1 Messiah! at thy glad approach,
The howling winds are still:
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
Their loud hosannas sing;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

100 *Tune—Devizes.* C. M.

1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Lord! Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with Christian hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

101*Tune—Migdol.*

L. M.

1 Oh, what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours shall be,
When from his throne the Tempter
hurled,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee.

2 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
And all creation feel thy love.

3 O blessed Lord, with longing eyes
That blissful hour we long to see;
While every worm and leaf supplies
Proof of the curse and calls for thee.

102*Tune—Park.*

8s & 7s.

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,
Light is breaking in the skies;
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleam-
ing,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbath year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise,
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

103*Tune—Autumn*

8s & 7s.

1 See yon blaze of earthly splendor,
Sunlight, starlight blent in one;
Starlight set in arctic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry;
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea.

2 What to that for which we're waiting
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.

3 Not the light that leaves us darker;
Not the gleams that come and go;
Not the mirth whose end is madness;
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset;
Not the fashion of a day;
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.

4 City of the pearl-bright portal;
City of the jasper wall;
City of the golden pavement;
Seat of endless festival:
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,
To thy bridal hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.

5 Ah, with such strange spells around
me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.

6 Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There beneath life's wondrous tree,
There with naught to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be.

104

Tune—Enfield.

C. M. D.

1 That city with the jewel'd crest,
Like some new-lighted sun;
A blaze of burning amethyst,
Ten thousand orbs in one;—

2 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

3 These are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day,
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.

4 Fair vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

5 Come crown and throne, come robe
and palm,
Burst forth glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

6 When shall the clouds that veil thy
rays
For ever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?

105

Tune—Beethoven.

L. M.

1 Peace! Earth's last battle has been
won:
Its days of conflict now are o'er;
The Prince of peace ascends the throne,
And war has ceased from shore to
shore.

2 Rest! the world's day of toil is past;
Each storm is hushed above, below,
Creation's joy has come at last,
After six thousand years of woe.

3 Messiah reigns! earth's King has
come!
Its diadems are on his brow,
Its rebel kingdoms have become
His everlasting kingdom now.

4 This earth again is Paradise;
The desert blossoms as the rose;
Clothed in its robes of bridal bliss,
Creation has forgot its woes.

106

Tune—Rathbun.

8s & 7s.

1 What a world, with all its sorrows!
What a scene, would it but stay;
What an earth, if all its morrows
Were as fair as this "to-day!"

2 When the streamlet, smiling gladly,
Hurries calmly, brightly by,
Not a voice around speaks sadly,
Not a murmur nor a sigh.

3 Nature all its gay adorning
Opens to the day's bright bliss,
Like a child at early morning,
Wakened by its mother's kiss.

4 What a world when all its sorrow
Shall for ever pass away!
What an earth! when each "to-mor-
row"
Shall be fairer than "to-day."

107

Tune—Oak.

Cs & 4s.

1 Soon this corruptible
Shall, from the tomb,
Rise incorruptible,
Leaving the gloom.

Soon shall this mortal frame
Spring from its bed of shame,
When Christ hath come.

2 Bright morn of morns to me,
When I arise,
Leaving the grave behind;
When these dull eyes
Shall my Redeemer see
In immortality,
In yonder skies!

3 Then shall the glorious hope
Come from on high;
Death shall be swallowed up
In victory.
Then shall we gladly sing,
Death, where is now thy sting?
Thy victory?

4 Grave, where thy triumph now,
Thy victory?
Where are thy captives now?
Set free, set free!
Torn from thy grasp are they,
Pluck'd from thy power away,
Set free, set free!

5 Thanks then to God our Lord,
Thanks ever be!
Praises to Christ our Lord
For ever be!
Who, o'er the mortal gloom,
Who, o'er the hateful tomb,
Gives victory!

108*Tune—Somervale.*

7s & 6s.

1 Bathed in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!

2 Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white!

3 Shading her golden pavement
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Celestial evergreen.

4 Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.

5 Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.

6 River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.

109*Tune—Beautiful Zion.*

8s.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ, our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

110*Tune—Ferguson.*

S. M.

1 Above the starry spheres,
To where he was before,
Christ had gone up, the Father's gift
Upon the Church to pour.

2 At length had fully come,
On mystic circle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn:

3 When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
That God himself was there.

4 Forthwith a tongue of fire
Is seen on every brow,
Each heart receives the Father's light,
The Word's enkindling glow;

5 The Holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpoured,
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the Lord.

111*Tune—Woodland.*

C. M.

1 He came! he came! that mighty
Breath
From heaven's eternal shores:
His uncreated freshness fills
His bride, as she adores.

2 Earth quakes before that rushing
blast,

Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That upper room around.

3 One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire,
Then broke upon the heads of each
In cloven tongues of fire.

4 What gifts he gave those chosen men
Past ages may display;
Nay, more: their vigor still inspires
The weakness of to-day.

5 The Spirit came into the Church
With an unfailing power;
He is the living heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

6 Speak gently, then, of Church and
saints,

Lest you His ways reprove.
The heart, the pulses of the Church
Are God's eternal love.

112

Tune—Gerar.

S. M.

1 The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree,
As Jesus' parting gift he's near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty,
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallow'd hour.

113

Tune—Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

1 We are not left to walk alone,
The spirit of our God hath come,
Forever with us to abide,
Our Teacher, Comforter, and Guide.
Thus, with his gracious presence blest,
We press toward our heavenly rest;
Hasting the dreary desert through,
With our eternal home in view.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, his own beloved One,
Jesus, now seated at his side,
Hath claimed us for his own, his bride.
Of him and his the Spirit tells,
Upon his love he sweetly dwells;
And, while we listen to his voice,
We wonder, worship, and rejoice.

3 He teaches us the Father's grace,
Reveals to us the Saviour's face,
And doth to all our hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.
Our every sorrow be forgot,
The joys of earth be heeded not;
The Comforter is come, and we
Shall soon with our Beloved be.

114

Tune—Monson.

C. M.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
Within our hearts to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And yet as viewless too.

3 He came a gracious, willing guest,
His graces to impart,
While he can find wherein to rest
One humble, willing heart.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks to us of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his, and his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, keep our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And make them worthier thee.

115*Tune—Norwich.*

7s.

1 Holy Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with hope my bosom fill.

3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought and wish and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind—remove,
And my bosom fill with love.

4 Faith, and hope, and charity—
Paraclete, proceed from thee;
Thou, the anointing Spirit art,
These thy gifts to us impart:

5 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
And love return to dwell with thee
Through a blest eternity!

116*Tune—Claremont.*

H. M.

1 God the Creator blessed
The Sabbath of his rest;
His six days' work had brought
The universe from naught;
The heavens and earth above him stood,
He saw them and pronounced them
good.

2 God the Redeemer blessed
The Sabbath of his rest,
When, all his suffering done,
The cross's victory won,
In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,
Then rising made a holier day.

3 And God the Spirit blessed
That Christian day of rest,
When met with one accord,
The servants of the Lord;
To whom the Father's promise came,
Like rushing wind and living flame.

4 The Church below hath blessed
Her own sweet day of rest,
When in her spousal dress
Of blood-bought righteousness,
Her happy spirit can rejoice
To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's
voice.

117*Tune—Vandevender.*

7s & 6s.

1 O day of rest and gladness—
Of sacred joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before thy throne,
Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth.
On thee, the Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was poured.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise.
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
And nearer heaven, our home.
A day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
 From this, our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 For spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One!

118 *Tune—Jazer.* C. M.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sinks the beams of light.
 2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
 That arm upholds the sky;
 That ear is filled with angel songs;
 That love is throned on high.
 4 But there's a power which man can
 wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
 5 That power is prayer, which soars on
 high,
 Through Jesus, to the throne;
 And moves the hand, which moves the
 world,
 To bring salvation down!

119 *Tune—China.* C. M.

1 God of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart;
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward part.
 2 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live;—
 3 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ, on Christ alone;—

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and
 weep,
 Though mercy long delay
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay.

120 *Tune—Siloam.* C. M.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to thee;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake thy sympathy.
 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress:
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

121 *Tune—Mendebras.* 7s & 6s.

1 The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
 She is his new creation
 By water and the word:
 From heaven he came and sought her
 To be his holy Bride,
 With his own blood he bought her,
 And for her life he died.
 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.
 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
 4 Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

122

Tune—Zebulon.

H. M.

- 1 One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne;
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
And sighs from contrite hearts that
spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.
- 3 Head of thy church beneath,
The Catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe;
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

123

Tune—Stephens.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word:—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and
pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

124

Tune—Mear.

C. M.

- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our Friend, our Brother now.

2 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burden share,
They lend their mutual powers.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done,
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when by turns we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
Each shall, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

125

Tune—Corentry.

C. M.

- 1 Fountain of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Thy face with reverence and with
love,
We in thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to thee.

126

Tune—St. Thomas.

S. M.

1 O praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love has helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear!
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

127*Tune—Monon.*

S. M.

1 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd
bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is saintly work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Tho' dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

128*Tune—Park.*

83 & 78.

1 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings countless as the sand
To the unthankful and the evil,
With thine own unsparing hand;—

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield
thee
Gladly, freely of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to thee;
Right of which we may not rob thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

129*Tune—Herb.*

10s.

1 Saviour, again to thy dear name we
raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, lowly bowing, wait thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our home-
ward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end
the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon
thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the
coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy chil-
dren free,
For dark and light are both alike to
thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

130*Tune—Lisbon.*

S. M.

1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

131*Tune—America.*

6s & 4s.

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

132*Tune—I do Believe.*

D. C. M.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye,
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong—
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to
feel—
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

133*Tune—Lexington.*

7s & 6s.

1 The Shepherd now was smitten;
The wolf was ravening near,
The scattered flock he threatened,
But knew not whose they were.

- 2 In zealous fury seeking
To bind and crucify,
A sudden voice withheld him,
A loud and startling cry:—
- 3 "Saul! Saul! why blindly daring
To persecute thy Lord?
'Tis Jesus whom thou hatest,
Rebel not at my word."
- 4 Then forth in prayer he stretcheth
Those hands prepared to slay;
"What wouldst thou with thy servant?
My Lord and Saviour, say."
- 5 Christ's foe becomes his soldier,
The wolf destroys no more,
A sheep within the sheepfold,
He enters by the door.

134 *Tune—Unam.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 'Gainst what foeman art thou rushing,
Saul, what madness drives thee on?
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the sinless One:
O, how shortly
Shall he make his vengeance known!
- 2 See the Lord, from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow:
See him rising,
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.
- 3 Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
O, how fierce his anger burned;
Trembling now, and lost his daring,
Meek obedience he has learned;
The destroyer,
Now into a lamb is turned.
- 4 Christ, thy power is man's salvation,
Hardest hearts thou mak'st thine own.
He who wrought such desolation,
That thy name might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
'Thro' the world that name makes
known.

135 *Tune—Stand up for Jesus.* 7s & 6s.

- 1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!
- 136** *Tune—Benevento.* 7s, 8 lines.
- 1 Sounds the trumpet from afar!
Soldiers of the holy war,
Rise; for you, your Captain waits;
Rise, the foe is at the gates.
Arm! the conflict has begun;
Fight! the battle must be won;
Lift the banner to the sky,
Wave its blazing folds on high.
- 2 Banner of the blessed tree,—
Round its glory gather ye!
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss?

Life with death, and death with life
Closes now in deadly strife;
Help us with thy shield and sword,
King and Captain, mighty Lord!

3 King of glory thou alone!
King of kings, thy name we own!
With thy banner overhead,
Not ten thousand foes we dread.
More than conquerors even now,
With the war-sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road,
March we as the host of God.

137

Tune—Evan.

C. M.

1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong, to man's blindfold eye!

138

Tune—Anvern.

L. M.

1 Go labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening
on;
Speed, speed thy work, east sloth away:
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and
pray;

Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "behold I come!"

139

Tune—Bavaria.

8s & 7s.

1 "Call them in"—the poor, the
wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"call them in."

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen-
tile;
Bid the stranger to the feast:
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones—"call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the broken hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"call them in."

140

Tune—Little Marlborough.

S. M.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again."

2 "Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed:
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.

3 "Ye must be born again!"
And life in Christ must have:
In vain the soul elsewhere may go—
'Tis he alone can save.

4 "Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

141 *Tune—Lisbon.* S. M.

1 Father of mercies, hear,
On us look kindly down;
Our humble labors deign to cheer,
And with thy favor crown.

2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow;
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Richly do thou bestow.

3 That seed will buried lie,
Till thou the increase give;
Yet, then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.

4 O Sun of Righteousness,
Shine in each youthful heart;
Thine influence on their souls impress,
And grace divine impart.

5 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long with thankful voice,
Both they who sow and they who reap,
Together shall rejoice.

6 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

142 *Tune—Pleyel's Hymn.* 7s.

1 God of union, God of love,
With thy sanctifying power,
From the realms of light above,
Bless us in this solemn hour.

2 Bless our tender charge; impart
What shall most to thee incline;
O, reclaim each wandering heart,
Seal them! Seal them ever thine.

3 Bless their teachers, grant to each
All our great employment needs;
Show us rightly how to teach
Not by word alone, but deed.

4 Make us faithful to the end,
While our duties we fulfill;
And the promised blessing send,
Like the dew on Hermon's hill.

143 *Tune—Lenox.* H. M.

1 Again we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word
And ask thy promised grace;
To thank thee for the gifts we share,
The children of thy love and care.

2 Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part,—
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this, and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread;
Nor let our feet astray
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,—
The way to glory and to God.

144 *Tune—Park Street.* L. M.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read and sing and pray;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

145 *Tune—Laban.* S. M.

1 How serious is the charge,
To train the infant mind!
'Tis God alone must give the heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we, in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our hearts and hands
And look for large success.

146

Tune—Outside the Gate.

7s & 6s.

1 The author of salvation,
The Saviour, meek and mild,
Once took a lowly station,—
Became a little child;
In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode,
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God.

2 His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day;
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey;
No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow;
His heart, so pure and holy,
With love would ever glow.

3 And when his foes assail'd him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live.
This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfill;
Oh, let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will.

147

Tune—Bavaria.

8s & 7s.

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where thine own still waters glide.

3 Let thy holy word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And so prove thy burden light.

148

Tune—Bethel.

8s & 7s.

1 Little children, Jesus calls you,
Listen to his blessed voice;
Sinners try in vain to shun it,
Christians hail it and rejoice.
Come, then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour-King.

2 Little children, come to Jesus;
See him still inviting stand:
Hark! he bids you leave destruction,
Calls you to the better land.
Come, then, etc.

3 Little children, look to Jesus,
Look to Jesus, look and live;
Jesus suffer'd death to save you,
Freest pardon he will give.
Come, then, etc.

149

Tune—We are Coming.

8s & 6s.

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.

We are coming, etc.
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown thee as our King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.

We are coming, etc.
To crown thee as our King.

150

Tune—*Essex*.

7s, 6 lines.

1 Jesus bids me seek his face;
Lord, I come to ask thy grace;
May thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love.
Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow.

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive,
Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
Oh, dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone:
Sin is present with me still;
Disobedient is my will.

3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail;
Oh, my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

151

Tune—*Balerna*.

C. M.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall
bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear:
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

152

Tune—*Be Kind to thy Father*. 11s & 8s.

1 Be kind to thy father; for when thou
wast young
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell
from thy tongue,
And join'd in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless
and bold:
Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother; for, lo! on her
brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and com-
fort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother; for thee will
she pray
As long as God giveth her breath:
With accents of kindness, then, cheer
her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy brother: his heart will
have dearth
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the
birth
If love and affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you
are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the
sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister; not many may
know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms
below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many
sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall
crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of
flowers
More precious than wealth or re-
nown.

153*Tune—Sunshine.*

6s & 5s.

1 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land;

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

154*Tune—Home beyond the Tide.*

P. M.

1 We are out on an ocean sailing;
Homeward bound we smoothly glide;
We are out on an ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on an ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

All the storms, etc.

3 Come on board, oh, ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
And you may be left behind.

All the storms, etc.

4 When we all are safely anchor'd,
We will shout our journey o'er,
We will walk about the city
And will sing for evermore.
All the storms, etc.

155*Tune—Beautiful River.*

P. M.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 When we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

156*Tune—Webb.*

7s & 6s.

1 When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well, hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

157 *Tune—Sweet Story.* P. M.

1 I think when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs
to his fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed
on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen his kind
look, when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to
prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
“For of such is the kingdom of
heaven.”

5 I long for the joys of that glorious
time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every
clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

158 *Tune—Children in Heaven.* P. M.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that can not fade:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world
above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,—
How came those children there?
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

159 *Tune—Lisbon.* S. M.

1 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
For love of men a child,
The very God, yet born on earth
Sinless and undefiled.

2 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

3 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle holy love,
For strength to do thy will below
As angels do above.

4 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all thy blessed saints.

5 On friends around us here
O let thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But thee beyond them all.

6 O joy to live for thee!
O joy in thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally.

160

Tune—Anvern.

L. M.

1 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

2 When deep within our swelling
hearts

The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

4 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

5 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

161

Tune—Missionary Hymn.

7s & 6s.

1 Come, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
Your happy feet shall stray,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O Christ, prepare thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

162

Tune—Shining Shore.

8s & 7s

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ, the Saviour given.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus:
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed him,
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us,
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

163

Tune—Woodland.

C. M.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King!
To bless our little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.

3 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.

4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad:
Then shall our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

164 *Tune—Calvary's Mountain.* 6s & 5s.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

3 Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

165 *Tune—Kentucky.* S. M.

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear,
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock;
And wash their stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

166 *Tune—Oak.* 6s & 4s.

1 Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee;
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou givest me:

O, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!

2 What though my faith is dim,
Wavering and weak?
Yet still I come to thee,
Thy grace to seek:
Daily to plead with thee!
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!

3 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray:
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!

4 Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee!
Though 'twere my dying breath,
I'd cry to thee,
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee!

167 *Tune—I want to be an Angel.* 7s & 6s.

1 Rest, for the little sleeper;
Joy, for the ransomed soul;
Peace, for the lonely weeper—
Dark though the waters roll.

2 Weep for the little sleeper,
Weep, it will ease the heart;
Though the dull pain be deeper
Than with the world to part.

3 Hath the dear Saviour found him,
Laid him upon his breast,
Folded his arms around him,
Hushed him to endless rest?

4 Grieve not with hopeless sorrow;
Jesus has felt your pain,
He did thy lamb but borrow;
He'll bring him back again.

168 *Tune—China.* C. M.

1 God hath bereav'd me of my child;
His hand in this I've view'd;
It is the Lord, shall I complain?
"He doth what seems him good!"

- 2 'Twas God who gave my child to me,
Th' appointed time he stood;
It is the Lord, I plainly see,
He doth what seems him good!
- 3 Yet nature feels—but ah, he's gone—
For him my tears have flow'd;
It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good.
- 4 Support my sinking spirit up
Under this heavy load;
It is the Lord, and he is just,
He doth what seems him good.
- 5 It is on thee my hope is stay'd,
I know thou art my God;
It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless,
He doth what seems him good.
- 6 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine,
And cleanse me with thy blood;
I now resign my all to thee,
Since all things work for good.
- 169** *Tune—Wilnot.*
- 1 Heavenly Father! may thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God! be with us here;
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.
- 3 Holy Ghost! to thee we cry:
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display;
Seal ^{him}_{her} to redemption's day.
- 170** *Tune—Stephens.* C. M.
- 2 O Lord, whilst we confess the worth
Of this, the outward seal,
Teach us the truths herein set forth,
Our very own to feel.
- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our portion now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in Thine, with joy we claim
The merits of thy blood.
- 4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd prove his mighty power;
And making thee our only boast,
Obey thee hour by hour.
- 171** *Tune—Duke Street.* L. M.
- 1 God of that glorious gift of grace
By which thy people seek thy face,
When in thy presence we appear
With faith we humbly venture near.
- 2 Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.
- 3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend ^{him}_{her} for ever, Lord, to thee!
Assured that, if to thee ^{he}_{she} live,
We gain in what we seem to give.
- 7s. 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon ^{his}_{her} head!
And on ^{his}_{her} soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon ^{his}_{her} face.
- 172** *Tune—Mendebras.* 7s & 6s.
- 1 O bread to pilgrims given;
O food that angels eat;
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!
- 2 O water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word, believing,
We take, and doubt no more.

Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

173 *Tune—Rockbridge.* L. M.

1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ re-
stored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until he come, until he come.

2 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until he come, until he come.

3 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come, the Lord
shall come.

4 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come, until he come.

174 *Tune—Boylston.* S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

175 *Tune—Peterboro.* C. M.

1 Lo, what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

176 *Tune—Outside the Gate.* 7s & 6s.

1 O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting,
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

177 *Tune—Scioto.* S. M.

1 Oh what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in
blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

178*Tune—Joyfully.*

10s.

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above;

Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here be-
low,

Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,

Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch us, approaching
the shore,

Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the
ear,

Harp of the blessed, your strains we
shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high
dome,

Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay
us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the
blow,

Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre
be gone,

Over the plains of sweet Canaan we
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

179 *Tune—Shining Shore.* 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren
dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
home,
For ever, O for ever!

CHORUS.

For O, we stand, on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

180*Tune—Wilmot.*

7s.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

181*Tune—Golden Hill.*

S. M.

1 For man the Saviour shed
His all-atoning blood,
And oh, shall ransomed man refuse
To suffer for his God?

2 Ashamed who now can be
To own the crucified?
Nay, rather be our glory this,
To die for him who died.

3 So felt thy martyr, Lord;
By thy right hand sustained,
He waged for thee the battle's strife,
And threatened death disdained.

4 Alone, he stood unmoved,
Amid his cruel foes,
O wondrous was the might that then
Above his torturers rose!

5 Lord, give us grace to bear
Like him our cross of shame,
To do and suffer what thou wilt,
For love of thy dear name.

182 *Tune—Lisbon.*

S. M.

1 An exile for the faith
Of his incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared.

2 John saw in glory him
Who liveth, and was dead,
There Judah's Lion and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled:—

3 There of the kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime;
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

4 Lord, give us grace, like him,
In thee to live and die,
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.

183 *Tune—Granby.*

S. M.

1 Far down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still,
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

4 'Tis the old sorrow still,
The briar and the thorn;
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—
The hope of coming morn.

5 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

184

Tune—Siberia. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2 Here, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

3 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Naught shall pluck thee from my
hands."
Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

4 All I meet I find assist me
In my path to heav'nly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Sweet affliction,
Every promise gives me joy.

5 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

185

Tune—Joyfully.

10s.

1 Joyfully singing, now onward we
move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits
above;
Jesus, the Saviour, invites us to come;
Joyfully, joyfully, hasten we home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here be-
low;
Soon to the presence of Christ we shall
go;
And since our hearts have to Jesus
been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Voice of archangel, and trumpet of
God,
Joyfully summon the quick and the
dead;
Bright in his glory shall Jesus appear,
Upward in clouds shall we meet him
in air.
Partings all over, and sorrows all gone
Blest in his presence eternally one;
Like him, and with him for ever to be,
Joyfully, joyfully, welcome the day.

3 Crowns may encircle our radiant
brow,
Joyful we'll cast them before him and
bow;
Harps of the harpers shall gladden the
throne,
Joyful to tell He is worthy alone:
Angels in chorus their anthem shall
raise,
Only to give him all honor and praise;
While every creature around and above,
Joyfully, joyfully, rests in his love.

186

Tune—Athol.

S. M.

1 Sing we the martyrs blest,
Their blood for Jesus poured,
Sing we their glorious victories,
And infinite reward.

2 Treading the world beneath,
Spurning the body's pain,
'Twas theirs, in martyrdom's brief
space,
Eternal joys to gain.

3 To raging flames consigned;
To ruthless beasts a prey;
Their sacred flesh by savage hooks
Torn piece by piece away,

4 In view of wretched death,
Unmoved they still endure;
Unmoved continue, in the grace
Of endless life secure.

187

Tune—Calvary's Mountain.

Cs & 5s.

1 Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking—
Till the prize is won.

6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King:

188 *Tune—Deliverance.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

189 *Tune—Woodside.* C. M.

1 A little flock; so calls he thee,
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock.—disowned by men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 A little flock! So calls he thee;
Church of the first-born, hear!
Be not ashamed to own the name;
It is no name of fear.

3 A little flock! 'Tis well, 'tis well;
Such be her lot and name;
Thro' ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at
length;
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns;
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heav'n,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

190 *Tune—Upton.* L. M.

1 Fear not the foe, thou flock of God,
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod,
He fights in vain who fights with thee;
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee.

2 Come, cheer thee to the toil and
fight;
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;
His sword shall scatter every foe,
His shield shall ward off every blow.

3 His is the battle, his the power,
His is the triumph in that hour;
So round thy brow the wreath shall
twine;
So shall the victory be thine.

4 Not long the sigh, the toil, the sweat,
Not long the fight-day's wasting heat;
Slack not thy weapon in the fight;
Courage! for God defends the right.

191 *Tune—Bartimeus.* 8s & 7s.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

192

Tune—Utica.

7s & 6s.

1 Let us now new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyr's sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on th' immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow:
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
O, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

193

Tune—Calvary's Mountain.

6s & 5s.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

194

Tune—Rothwell.

L. M.

1 Ye servants of our glorious King,
To him your thankful praises bring;
And tell the deeds that grace has done,
The triumphs by his martyrs won.

2 Since they were faithful to the last,
Their holy struggles now are past;
The bitterness of death is o'er,
And theirs is bliss for evermore.

3 The flame did scorch, the knife lay
bare,
And cruel beasts their members tear;
No powers of earth, no powers of hell,
The souls that loved their Lord could
quell.

4 O Saviour! may our portion be
With those who gave themselves to
thee,
Through all eternity to sing
All praise to thee, the martyrs' King.

195

Tune—Bernard.

7s & 6s.

1 Behold! a royal Bridegroom
Hath called me for his bride!
I joyfully make ready
And hasten to his side.
He is a royal Bridegroom,
But I am very poor!
Of low estate he chose me
To show his love the more.

2 First in my tears I washed me—
They could not make me clean:
A fountain then he showed me,
Strange until then unseen!

Oh, love! oh, grace, that showed it!
 Revealed its cleansing power!
 How could I choose but hasten
 To meet him from that hour.

3 And still with feeble footsteps,
 And turning oft astray,
 I go to meet the Bridegroom,
 Though stumbling by the way.
 I soil my royal garments
 With earth where'er I fall;
 I break and mar my ornaments,
 But he will know them all.

4 Close, close, dear Guide, and lead me,
 I can not go aright!
 Through all that doth beset me,
 Keep, keep me close in sight!
 'Tis but a little longer;
 Methinks the end I see;
 Oh! matchless love and mercy,
 The Bridegroom waits for me.

196 *Tune--Rolland.* L. M.

1 Awake, Jerusalem, rejoice!
 Thy night is glimmering into noon.
 Zion, arise! lift up thy voice;
 Thy sorrows shall be ended soon.

2 Sounds the deep vesper-bell of time,
 Through earth's last tempest slowly
 borne,
 For thee it is the matin chime,
 And to thy sons the note of morn.

3 Arise, put on thy robe of white;
 Deck thee with beauty; let each gem
 Sparkle its fairest to the light;
 Put on thy crown, Jerusalem!

4 Thy widowhood is over now;
 Strip off thy weeds; in bridal gold
 And orient pearls thy glory shew,
 More regal than in days of old.

5 Upon thee now the bridegroom pours
 The fullness of an unquench'd love;
 He leads thee where the endless stores
 Of his own gladness thou shalt prove.

6 He comes, with his own hand to press
 Each wrinkle from thy careworn
 brow;
 'Tis joy, and song, and mirth, and bliss,
 All hallel and hosanna now.

197 *Tune--Silver Street.* S. M.

1 A sea of glass I saw,
 Mingled with fire it seemed;
 Upon it stood the conquerors,
 The host of the redeemed.

2 They had the harps of God,
 And a new song they sung;
 The song of Moses and the Lamb
 I heard from every tongue.

3 Right, great, and marvelous,
 Lord God of might, they cry,
 Thy works are; just and true thy ways,
 Thou King of saints most high.

4 Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
 And thee, Jehovah, own?
 Who shall not glorify thy name,
 The only holy One?

5 All nations now shall come,
 And to thee homage yield;
 For all thy righteous judgments, Lord,
 Are now at last revealed.

198 *Tune--Harwell.* 8s & 7s.

1 Hark! the sound of holy voices
 Chanting, at the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Alleluia, Lord, to thee:
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, apostle, saint, confessor,
 Martyr, and evangelist,
 Saintly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in
 blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were and firm they stood;
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered death and Satan,
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with thy cross their banner
 They have triumphed following thee,

Thee, the captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour, and their King;
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

199

Tune—Happy Land.

Gs & 4s.

1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 O, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King!
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,—
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 O, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free;
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love can not die;
 O, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

200

Tune—Let Me Go.

8s & 7s.

1 They are going, only going,
 Jesus called them long ago;
 All the wintry time they're passing,
 Softly as the falling snow.
 When the violets in the spring-time
 Catch the azure of the sky,
 They are carried out to slumber
 Sweetly, where the violets lie.

2 They are going, only going,
 When with summer earth is dressed,
 In their cold hand holding roses
 Folded to each silent breast;

When the autumn hangs red banners
 Out above the harvest sheaves,
 They are going, ever going,
 Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

3 All along the mighty ages,
 All adown the solemn time,
 They have taken up their homeward
 March, to that serener clime,
 Where the watching, waiting angels
 Lead them from the shadow dim
 To the brightness of his presence,
 Who has called them unto him.

4 They are going, only going,
 Out of pain and into bliss—
 Out of sad and sinful weakness
 Into perfect holiness.
 Snowy brows, no care shall shade them;
 Bright eyes, tears shall never dim;
 Rosy lips, no time shall fade them;
 Jesus called them unto him.

5 Little hearts for ever stainless,
 Little hands as pure as they,
 Little feet by angels guided,
 Never in forbidden way.
 They are going, ever going,
 Leaving many a lonely spot;
 But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
 Suffer, and forbid them not.

201

Tune—Rest for the Weary. 8s, 7s, & 5s.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you,
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
 There is rest, etc.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 But in that celestial centre
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

202*Tune—Even.*

C. M.

1 A soldier's course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life.

2 Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand!
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet,
Await thy Lord's command.

3 Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more.

4 Where founts of life their treasures
yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace.

5 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man!

203*Tune—Frederick.*

11s.

1 "Soon, soon, and for ever!" Such
promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes, and dust unto
dust;
Soon, soon, and for ever, our union
shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer,
in thee.

2 When the sins and the sorrows of
time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings remembered
no more;
When life can not fail, and when death
can not sever,
And Christians with Christ shall be—
soon, and for ever!

3 Soon, soon, and for ever, the break-
ing of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sor-
row away

Soon, soon, and for ever, we'll see as
we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things
that have been.

4 When fightings without us, and fears
from within,
Shall weary no more in the warfare
of sin,
Where tears, and where fears, and
where death shall be—never,
There Christians with Christ shall be
soon—and for ever!

5 Soon, soon, and for ever, the work
shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory
won:
Soon, soon, and for ever, the soldier
lay down
His sword for a harp, his cross for a
crown.

6 Then droop not in sorrow, despond
not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening
and near;
When blessed reward of each faithful
endeavor,
All Christians with Christ shall be—
soon, and for ever!

204*Tune—Bethany.*

Cs & 4s.

1 Haste, my dull soul, arise,
Cast off thy care,
Press to the opened skies,
Mighty in prayer;
Jesus has gone before,
Count all thy troubles o'er,
He who thy burden bore,
Jesus is there.

2 Soul, for the marriage feast
Robe and prepare,
Pureness becomes each guest—
Jesus is there.
Saints, wave your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms;
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
Oh, let us wear!

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,
Glory is there;
Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
Thou art its heir.

What makes its joy complete?
 What makes its hymn so sweet?
 There our best Friend we meet—
 Jesus is there.

PART I.

Tune—Brown.

C. M.

205

1 Oh Mother dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Oh! happy harbor of the saints;
 Oh! sweet and pleasant soil;
 In thee no sorrows can be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness may be seen,
 No hurt, no ache, no sore;
 There is no death, no hateful sight—
 There's life for evermore.

4 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
 No cold, nor darksome night:
 There every soul shines as the sun,
 There God himself gives light.

5 There lust and luere can not dwell,
 There envy bears no sway;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

PART II.

Tune—Jazer.

C. M.

1 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 God grant that I may see
 Thy endless joys, and of the same
 Partaker aye to be.

2 Thy walls are made of precious
 stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

3 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,
 With carbuncles do shine,
 With jasper and with crysolite,
 Surpassing clear and fine.

4 Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear,
 Thy streets are made of beaten gold—
 Oh God, that I were there.

PART III.

Tune—Henry.

C. M.

1 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Would God I were in thee,
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see.

2 Thy saints are crowned with glory
 great,
 They see God face to face,
 They triumph still, they still rejoice,
 Most happy is their case.

3 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
 Our pleasure is but pain,
 Our joys scarce last the looking on,
 Our sorrows still remain.

4 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 As that to them a thousand years
 Doth seem as yesterday.

PART IV.

Tune—Jordan.

C. M. D.

1 Jerusalem, thrice happy seat!
 Of God our King most high!
 O sacred city, queen and wife
 Of Christ, eternally.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
 Continually are green;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant
 flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.

2 Quite through thy streets, with silver
 sound
 The flood of life doth flow,
 Upon whose banks, on every side,
 The wood of life doth grow.
 There trees for evermore bear fruit;
 There nard and balm abound;
 What tongue can tell or heart conceive
 The sweets that there are found.

3 There stand the saints with harp in
 hand,
 There angels aye do sing,
 The music of that happy choir
 In every street doth ring.
 Oh Mother dear, Jerusalem!
 I would thy joys behold!
 And sing the glories of the Lamb,
 With palm and harp of gold.

206

Tune--Webb.

7s & 6s.

1 Oh home of fadeless splendor!
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn;
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

2 The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth;
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden breathing spices,
The Paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

3 There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Zion know.

4 Oh happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
'Till hope be lost in sight.

207

Tune—Perine.

11s.

1 I once was a stranger to grace and to
God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my
load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of
Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing
to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light
from on high,
Then legal fears shook me—I trembled
to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see,
Jehovah, thou only my saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before thy
sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness
I came
To drink at the fountain, so copious
and free;
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to
me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and
boast,
Jehovah, my Saviour,—I ne'er can be
lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by
field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield.

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow
of death,
This watchword shall rally my falter-
ing breath;
For, while from life's fever my God
sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death song
shall be.

208

Tune—Horton.

7s, 4 lines.

1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still, O Lord, in thee?
Canst thou still thy wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withstood thy grace;
Long provoked thee to thy face;
Would not hear thy gracious calls;
Grieved thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not our crimes forget?
Lo, we fall before thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent!
Help us now our fall lament;
Deeply our revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

209

Tune—Manly.

S. M.

1 A sinful man am I,
Therefore I come to thee;
To thee the holy and the just,
That thou mayest pity me.

2 Wert thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to thee?
It is thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

3 Wert thou not gracious, Lord,
I must in dread depart;
It is the riches of thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

4 Wert thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to thee;
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

210 *Tune—Remember Me.* C. M.

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

211 *Tune—Rockbridge.* L. M.

1 O soul of Jesus! sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead
My sins have bowed thee to the ground
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

2 Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at thy heart,
Through opening pores thy blood is
spilt.

3 And thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

4 And thou hast struggled with it,
Lord!

Even to the limit of thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as
years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

5 Sin and the Father's anger, they
Have made thy lower nature faint;
All, save the love within thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

212 *Tune—Rolland.* L. M.

1 My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the
bough?

2 I sin—and heaven and earth go
round
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone!

3 I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the
air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy sad prayer!

4 Oh, by the pains of thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of thy bloody sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear.

213 *Tune—Just as I am.* 8s & 6s.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And now thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

214 *Tune—Remember Me.* C. M.

1 O Lord, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate.

2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is my humble prayer;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy spare.

215 *Tune—Just as I Am.* 8s & 6s.

1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou
be bless'd?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
Christ gives relief to hearts oppress'd:
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but worldly dross;
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

5 The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!"
Let all who hear re-echo "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come:
The Saviour bids thee come!

216 *Tune—Flint's Tune.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Come, oh come, thou King of glory,
Take us from our prison-house;
Purge and heal the wounded conscience,
Perfect pardon seal to us.
Hallelujah,
King of glory, visit us!

2 In iniquity conceived,
Born in sin, estranged from thee;
Ours has been a life of bondage;—
Thou hast bought and made us free.
Hallelujah,
Let us chant our jubilee!

3 Give us, of thy fullness give us,
Fountain of all holiness!
Give us, Lord, the purged conscience,
Resting calmly on thy grace.
Hallelujah,
In thyself us truly bless.

4 Cure in us the love of sinning;
Every weakness from us take;
This world's iron yoke of evil
Break, O King of glory, break.
Hallelujah,
Like thyself, us, Saviour, make.

5 Sloth and pride and darkness banish;
Us with light and meekness fill.
Pureness give, and love, the fairest,
Brightest of the graces still.
Hallelujah,
Reign thou in our heart and will.

6 King of glory, let us love thee,
Love thee with a child-like heart;
Thine it is alone to give us
Love that never shall depart.
Hallelujah,
Thou our King and Saviour art.

217

Tune—Stephens.

C. M.

- 1 Great God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 My anxious heart no joy could cheer,
On life's tempestuous sea;
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

218

Tune—Varina.

C. M. D.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him, my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

219

Tune—I Want to be an Angel. 7s & 6s.

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord:
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild.
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

220

Tune—German Hymn. 7s, 4 lines.

- 1 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 2 Risen with him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above,
Still adore and kiss the Son,
Seated on his Father's throne.
- 3 Dead to sin while here below,
Alive in Christ we onward go;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God.

4 Hid, till Christ our life appear,
Glorious in his members here
Joined to him; we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine!

221

Tune—Happy Day.

L. M.

1 O, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

Happy day, happy day, etc.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's
done:

I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Happy day, happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to
feast.

Happy day, happy day, etc.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn
vow,

That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Happy day, happy day, etc.

222

Tune—De Fleury.

8s.

1 A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:

The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from
view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will com-
plete;

His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his
hands,

Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes—I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

223

Tune—De Fleury.

8s.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and
sounds,

And pass in a moment away;
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

224

Tune—Evan.

C. M.

- 1 Of all the gifts thy love bestows,
Thou giver of all good!
Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than the Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith, too, that trusts the blood,
through grace,
From that same love we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.

225

Tune—Avon.

C. M.

- 1 Faith is a very simple thing,
Though little understood;
It frees the soul from death's dread
sting,
By resting in the blood.
- 2 It looks not on the things around,
Nor on the things within;
It takes its flight to scenes above,
Beyond the spheres of sin.
- 3 Faith is not what we feel or see;
It is a simple trust
In what the God of love has said
Of Jesus as "The Just."
- 4 What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with sinful self,
Or righteous self, in me.
- 5 It tells me I am counted dead
By God, in his own word;
It tells me I am born again
In Christ, my risen Lord.
- 6 If he is free, then I am free
From all unrighteousness;
If he is just, then I am just:
He is my righteousness.

226

Tune—Manoah.

C. M.

- 1 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Should give that gift to me!

2 Ah, grace! into unlikely hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

3 Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to long for more!

227

Tune—Philadelphia.

L. M.

Just as thou art—how wondrous fair,
Lord Jesus, all thy members are!
A life divine to them is given—
A long inheritance in heaven.

2 Just as I was, I came to thee,
An heir of wrath and misery;
Just as thou art, before the throne,
I stand in righteousness thine own.

3 Just as thou art—how wondrous free:
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree:
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were thine,
To give thy saints this life divine.

4 Just as thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
Can with thy spotlessness appear;
O timeless love! as thee, I'm seen
The "righteousness of God in him."

5 Just as thou art—thou Lamb divine!
Life, light, and holiness are thine:
Thyself their endless source I see,
And they the life of God in me.

6 Just as thou art—O blissful ray
That turned my darkness into day!
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in him.

228

Tune—Greely.

S. M. D.

1 With Christ we died to sin,
Lay buried in his tomb;
But, quicken'd now with him, "our
life,"

We stand beyond our doom!
Our God, in wondrous love,
Hath raised us who were dead;
And, "in the heavenlies, made us sit
In Christ," our living "Head."

2 For us he now appears
 "Within the vail" above;
 "Accepted" and "complete in him,"
 We triumph in his love.
 In Christ we now are made
 "The righteousness of God;"
 As heaven-born men, and heirs with
 him,
 We follow where he trod.

3 Rejected and despised,
 He bore the "open shame;"
 As fellow-sufferers, journeying home,
 We glory in his name.
 Soon will the Bridegroom come,
 His Bride from earth to call;
 We, glorified with him, shall reign,
 Till God be all in all.

229 *Tune—Deliverance. 83, 7s, & 4s.*

1 Sovereign grace! o'er sin abounding;
 Ransomed souls the tidings swell;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
 Who its length or breadth can tell?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell!

2 What from Christ his saints can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands?
 Once in him, in him forever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands;
 None shall pluck them
 From the strength of Jesus' hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its course begun;
 To his name eternal praises,
 Oh, what wonders love hath done!
 One with Jesus;
 By Eternal Union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free;
 Say, while lost in holy wonder,
 Why, O Lord, such love to me?
 Hallelujah!
 Grace shall reign eternally.

230 *Tune—Happy Day. L. M.*

1 O happy day! when first we felt
 Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
 And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
 All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

2 O happy day! when first thy love
 Began our grateful hearts to move,
 And, gazing on thy wondrous cross,
 We saw all else as worthless dross.

3 O happy day! when we no more
 Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
 When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall
 cease,
 And all our trials end in peace.

4 O happy day! when we shall see
 And fix our longing eyes on thee—
 On thee, our light, our life, our love,
 Our all below, our heaven above!

231 *Tune—Christmas. C. M.*

1 My tongue shall spread the Saviour's
 fame,
 Whose grace I daily prove;
 For since my soul has known his name,
 His banner has been—Love.

2 When walking in the paths of sin,
 I far from him would rove,
 By sweet constraint he drew me in,
 And waved his banner—Love.

3 He spread the banquet, made me eat,
 Bid all my fears remove;
 Yea, o'er my guilty rebel head
 He placed his banner—Love.

4 When, weary of his rich repast,
 I've sought, alas! to rove,
 He has recalled his faithless guest,
 And showed his banner—Love.

232 *Tune—Woodland. C. M.*

1 All that I was,—my sin, my guilt,
 My death, was all my own;
 All that I am, I owe to thee,
 My gracious God alone.

2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage all was mine;
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin;
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

233*Tune—German Air.*

L. M.

1 Complete in thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Complete in thee, forever blest,
Of all thy fullness, Lord, possessed,
Thy praise, throughout eternity,
Thy love I'll sing—complete in thee.

234*Tune—Ware.*

L. M.

1 Can it be right for me to go
On in this dark, uncertain way?
Say "I believe," and yet not know
Whether my sins are put away?

2 Is this the way to treat the God
Who bids me love and trust him now?
Is this the way to use the word
Given to guide me here below?

3 How can I forth to sinners go,
And tell of grace so rich and free,
If all the while I do not know
Whether that grace has smiled on me?

4 How can it be my joy to dwell
On the rich power of Jesus' blood,
If all the while I can not tell
That it has sealed my peace with God?

5 How can I be like Christ below—
How like my Lord, in witness shine,
Unless with conscious joy I know
His Father and his God as mine?

235*Tune—Oak.*

Gs & 4s.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

236*Tune—I Do Believe.*

C. M.

1 Lord, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

237 *Tune—Cross and Crown, or Maitland. C. M.*

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,—
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
For now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps
shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die!

6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from his throne come down,
And bear my soul away!

238 *Tune—Gerar. S. M.*

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

239 *Tune—Anvern. L. M.*

1 He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

2 He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest
bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

240 *Tune—Woodstock. C. M.*

1 Our life seems like an idle play,
And various as the wind;
We laugh and sport our hours away,
Nor think of woes behind.

2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
Frail glory of an hour;
And blooming youth, with sickening
head,
Droops like the dying flower.

3 Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
Diffuse a flattering light;
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
And soon they sink in night.

4 Wealth, pomp, and honor we behold
With an admiring eye;
Like summer insects, drest in gold,
That fluttrer, shine, and die.

5 One little moment can destroy
Our vast laborious schemes;
Then rise my soul and soar away
From these deceitful dreams.

6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine;
Where wealth, that never can consume,
And endless glories, shine.

241

Tune—Ward.

L. M.

1 Let all who name his blessèd name,
Who once for sinners shed his blood,
Depart from sin, and count it shame
To live like those who know not God.

2 What kind of persons should they be,
Whose names appear enroll'd above?
The people whom the Lord makes free,
To whom he manifests his love.

3 What kind of persons should they be?
How blameless should their life appear,
Who hope the Lord in heaven to see,
And dwell with him for ever there.

4 With hopes so blessèd and so bright,
Of heaven they well may think and talk;
And, being children of the light,
As children of the light should walk.

242

Tune—Henry.

C. M.

1 Lord, give me light to do thy work;
For only, Lord, from thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way to work can see.

2 In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

3 In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

4 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it thine,
When walking in my own.

5 Yet pleasant is the work for thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.

6 Oh send me light to do thy work!
More light, more wisdom give!
Then shall I work thy work indeed,
While on thine earth I live.

243

Tune—Manoah.

C. M.

1 Loud was the wind, and wild the
tide;
The ship her course delayed;
The Lord came to their help, and cried,
"Tis I: be not afraid!"

2 Who walks the waves in wondrous
guise,
By nature's laws unstaid?
"Tis I," a well-known voice replies,
"Tis I: be not afraid!"

3 Thus when the storm of life is high,
Come, Saviour, to my aid!
Come, when no other help is nigh,
And say, "Be not afraid."

4 Speak, and my griefs no more are
heard;
Speak, and my fears are laid;
Speak, and my soul shall bless the
word,
"Tis I: be not afraid."

244

Tune—Crawford.

8s & 7s.

1 One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

2 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee
Shadows passing through the land.

3 Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

4 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

245 *Tune—Dunlap's Creek.* C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling stream
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my
soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

246 *Tune—Malleville.* 7s & 6s.

1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need thee, day by day,
To fill me with thy fullness,
To lead me on my way;
I need thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

4 I need thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

247 *Tune—Melody.* C. M.

1 Jesus, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my
peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 Spotless and just in thee I am;
I know my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

248 *Tune—Manoah.* C. M.

1 Oppress'd with noonday's scorching
heat,
To yonder cross I flee,
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

249 *Tune—Forever with the Lord.* S. M. D.

1 I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes
not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

250 *Tune—Olmutz.* S. M.

1 "Who touched me?" dost thou ask,
Lord, I confess, 'twas I—
"Some one hath touched me;" yes, O
Lord,
Trembling, I own 'twas I!

2 I came, Lord, and I touched,
For sore I needed thee;
Forth from thee straight the virtue
came,—
Lord, thou hast healéd me.

3 And wouldst thou frown on me?
Dost thou the boon repent?
Why, then, Lord, didst thou pass so
near,
As if to me just sent?

4 Thou, Lord, wert passing by:
I knew all heaven was there;
A heaven of healing and of love
Thou didst within thee bear.

5 A heaven of grace and peace,
Of pardon and of joy;
Lord, wouldst thou have me let thee
pass,
And all that heaven go by!

251 *Tune—Olmutz.* S. M.

1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

6 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

252 *Tune—Ferguson.* S. M.

1 When Syria's leprous chief
From fair Damascus came,
Fir'd with the hopes of sure relief,
By great Elisha's fame—

2 The holy prophet stood
Attentive to his strain,
And bid him wash in Jordan's flood,
And instantly be clean.

3 The means of cure appear'd
So humbling to his pride,
With high disdain the warrior heard,
And sternly thus replied:

4 "To wash in Jordan's flood,
I can't approve as meet,
When Pharpar's streams are known to
lave
My own Damascus' feet.

5 "What business have I here,
Far from my native place?
Could not I wash in water there,
And there receive the grace?"

6 Thus men neglect the use
Of means which God makes known,
And in their room would introduce
Inventions of their own.

253

Tune—Wells.

L. M.

1 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear,
He saith, and who his word can doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out!

2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you, Christ will cast away;
It is a truth, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 The Publican and dying Thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, no longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

254

Tune—Hebron.

L. M.

1 Jesus, dear name, how sweet it
sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds!
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die:
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree:
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding
heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part:
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest
stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

255

Tune—Luther's Hymn.

L. M.

1 He speaks! The gracious words I
hear;

Gently he bids me now draw near;
He calls me, and I know his tone,
'Tis love that speaks, and love alone.

2 No more, earth's siren song has
charms
To lure me to the siren's arms;
Saviour, thou callest, and I come,
Thy cross my guide, my star, my
home.

3 Thou art my all, above, below;
Let every earthly idol go;
My God and Lord, to thee I come,
My treasure and my song alone.

4 Oh, speak again, oh, speak each hour,
Speak in Almighty love and power;
Speak to this faithless, trustless heart,
Bid doubt and unbelief depart.

256

Tune—Jesus Paid it All.

7s & 5s.

1 Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all;—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
'Tis finished, was his cry.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

257 *Tune—Jesus Paid it All.* 7s & 5s.

1 I've cast my deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
I stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
And something either great or small,
From love to him I'll do.

2 Now, to Jesus' work I'll cling,
By a simple faith;
Doing was a "deadly" thing,
It would have been my death.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

3 Legal works I've given o'er,
Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

258 *Tune—St. Thomas.* S. M.

1 He gave me back the bond,
It was a heavy debt;
And as he gave, he smiled and said,
"Thou wilt not me forget."

2 He gave me back the bond,
The seal was torn away;
And as he gave, he smiled and said,
"Think thou of me alway."

3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be;
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.

4 I look on it and smile,
I look again and weep;
This record of His love to me
Forever will I keep.

5 A bond it is no more;
But it shall ever tell,
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel.

259 *Tune—Shining Shore.* 8s & 7s.

1 I've found a Friend; oh, such a
Friend!

He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the chords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a
Friend!

He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a
Friend!

All power to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever!

260 *Tune—St. Martin's.* C. M.

1 The sinner who, by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heav'n.

2 Ten thousand snares surround his
feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He'll reach his home at last.

3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He's an unchanging friend;
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.

4 Else Satan might full vict'ry boast;
The church might wholly fall;
If one believer may be lost,
Then, surely, so may all.

5 But Christ in every age has prov'd
His cov'nant sure and true;
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do?

6 But being pledg'd to carry on,
To its perfection full,
That work of grace he has begun,
The saints shall never fall.

261 *Tune—Never be Afraid.* 10s & 7s.

1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.

CHORUS.

Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never;
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.

3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.

4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
Since you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every
trial;
He will bring you to the end.

5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.

262

Tune—Brace.

C. M.

1 The highest and the holiest place
Guards not the heart from sin;
The Church, that safest seems without,
May harbor foes within.

2 Thus in the small and chosen band,
Beloved above the rest,—
One fell from his apostleship,
A traitor-soul unblest.

3 Righteous, O Lord, are all thy ways;
Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
Thy Church shall stand secure.

4 The soul that sinneth, it shall die;
But thy plans never fail:
Thy word of grace no less shall stand,
Thy truth no less prevail.

263

Tune—Dwight.

S. M.

1 The first sad hours of shame
One promise bright bestow:
The woman's Seed shall rise at length,
And bruise the deadly foe.

2 Where sin abounded once,
Grace shall abound much more;
Woman, the first to fall and sin,
The great Redeemer bore.

3 Happy the favored womb,
Happy the sacred breast,
Where lay awhile the Lord of Life,
And where his lips were prest.

4 But doubly blest are they
Who hear and keep his will;
In them by faith is Jesus formed,
And dwells within them still.

5 And still the gracious words
To each believer sound:
"Hail, highly favored! with the Lord
Thou hast acceptance found."

264

Tune—Stella.

C. M. D.

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul made white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

265

Tune—German Air.

L. M.

1 Guard well thy lips; none, none can
know
What evils from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incur-
red,
By one incautious, hasty word.

2 "Condemn not, judge not;" not to
man
Is given his brother's faults to scan;
One task is thine, and one alone,
To search out and subdue thine own.

3 Indulge no murmurings; O restrain
Those lips so ready to complain;
And if they can be numbered, count
Of one day's mercies the amount.

4 Set God before thee; every word
Thy lips pronounce by him is heard;
O couldst thou realize this thought,
What care, what caution, would be
taught!

5 "The time is short;" this day may be
The very last assigned to thee:
So speak that shouldst thou ne'er speak
more,
Thou may'st not this day's words
deplore.

266

Tune—Angry Words.

83 & 78.

1 Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human feeling,
By a single angry word.

2 Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops, are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words,—oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip!
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

3 Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

267

Tune—Ionia.

78, 4 lines.

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind.

2 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church a pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

268 *Tune—Retreat.* L. M.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and
thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

269 *Tune—Lisbon.* S. M.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing day,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

270 *Tune—Rothwell.* L. M.

1 In glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains;
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright, the morning star.

2 Blest star! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the morning star.

3 Sweet star! his influence is divine;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee:
The bright, the morning star is He.

4 Great star! in whom salvation
dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this morning star.

5 Most glorious star! be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendor hide;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and morning star.

6 Eternal star! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Praise thee, the bright, the morning
star.

271 *Tune—Balmora.* C. M.

1 Attend, O Lord, my daily toil,
With blessings from above;
Grant that my soul may watchful be,
And full of faith and love.

2 In all my many pleasant tasks,
Let me united find,
With careful Martha's busy hand,
Sweet Mary's docile mind.

3 Amid the various scenes of life,
In matters great and small,
Oh, let me ne'er indulge in pride!
Nor angry words let fall.

4 May I with willing, cheerful heart,
My brother's burden share,
And never bring reproach upon
The holy name I bear.

272 *Tune—Retreat.* L. M.

1 At even e'er the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we can not see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is
vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

273 *Tune—Enon's Isle.* L. M., 6 lines.

1 Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters
heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea.

274

Tune—Protection.

11s.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want
shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I
rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still
waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, re-
deems when opprest.

2 Through the valley and shadow of
death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian no evil I
fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be
my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Com-
forter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread:
With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil, thou anointest
my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence
more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bounti-
ful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee
above:
I seek, by the path which my fore-
fathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn,
thy kingdom of love.

275

Tune—*Medfield.*

C. M.

- 1 Fill thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In every part with praise;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and thy ways.
- 2 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
- 3 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.
- 4 Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.
- 5 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of thee and of thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.

PART I.

276

Tune—*Brown.*

C. M.

- 1 O, mean may seem this house of
clay—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!
- 4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh, that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

PART II.

Tune—*Peniel.*

C. M.

- 1 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

- 2 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee,
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.
- 3 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear,
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear.
- 4 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!
- 5 O strange the gifts, and marvelous,
By thee received and given,
Thou tookest woe and grief from us,
And we receive thy heaven!

277 Tune—*Forever with the Lord.* S. M. D.

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality!
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home!
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 Yet clouds will intervene,
And my bright prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.
- 6 Then, then I feel, that he,
Remembered or forgot,
My Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not!

278

Tune—Rest.

L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

279

Tune—Rest.

L. M.

1 Dear is the spot where Christians
sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits
pour;
Oh why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank when'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

280

Tune—Shavemud.

S. M.

1 Lie down, frail body, here,
Earth has no fairer bed,
No gentler pillow to afford;
Come, rest thy home-sick head.

2 Thro' these well-guarded gates
No foe can entrance gain;
No sickness wastes, nor once intrudes
The memory of pain.

3 The tossings of the night,
The frettings of the day,
All end, and, like a cloud of dawn,
Melt from thy skies away.

4 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the thought-worn brow,
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

5 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no
more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

6 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes these silent chamber-walls
And calls thee from the ground.

281

Tune—Laban.

S. M.

1 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

5 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

282

Tune—Rockbridge.

L. M.

1 Shine on, sweet sun, and let my day
Grow brighter, as the gentle hours,
Moving in silent love, draw up
The incense of the noonday flowers.

2 I need not fear the awful night
That prophet-pens foretell as near;
For methere is no cloud nor gloom,
My firmament is fair and clear.

3 It may be that the wrath may burst,
And nations drink the cup of ill;
I need not tremble at the storm,
My summer shall be summer still.

4 Like the fair stars my peace shall be;
My life is hid with Christ in God,
My anchor is within the veil,
And there my soul hath her abode.

283

Tune—Yates.

8s & 7s.

1 Shall this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?
Shall this heart still spend its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it court the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?

2 Shall these eyes of mine still wander;
Or, no longer turned afar,
Fix a firmer gaze and fonder
On the bright and morning star?
Shall these feet of mine, delaying,
Still in ways of sin be found,
Braving snares, and madly straying
On the world's bewitching ground?

3 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin!
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!
Swiftly moving, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

4 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.
Then no longer idly dreaming
Shall I fling my years away;
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for the eternal day!

284

Tune—Scioto.

S. M.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly.

2 To breathe, and wake and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch and work and pray!

5 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
Oh sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

285

Tune—Stella.

C. M. D.

1 O streams of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

2 Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,
Won by your winning wiles.

3 Too deep and strong for us!—We
glide
Down your deceiving wave;
Like men, by siren song beguiled
On to a siren grave.

4 O world! with all thy smiles and
loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

5 Thou woundest, but thou canst not
heal,
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

6 O world! there's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die!

286

Tune—Avon.

C. M.

- 1 There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.
- 2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.
- 5 But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
- 6 And yet the doomed man's path
below,
Like Eden, may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.
- 7 He knows, he feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed:
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.
- 8 O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?
- 9 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
- 10 An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called To-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.

287

Tune—Shawmut.

S. M.

- 1 Wrapp'd in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.
- 2 Laid in a christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.
- 3 O christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O endless, hopeless doom!
- 4 O christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!
- 5 To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!
- 6 O christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst thou the bands of sin!

288

Tune—Woodland.

C. M.

- 1 The winds were howling o'er the
deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour 'waken'd from his sleep;
He spake—and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveler who strayed
With heedless footstep there!
- 3 The chains bung broken from his
arm,
Such strength can hell supply;
And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm,
Flash'd from his hollow eye.
- 4 He met that glance, so thrilling sweet;
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child!

5 Oh! madder than that raving man!
Oh! deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on thee?

289 *Tune—Lyte.* 6s & 5s, or 11s.

1 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye!
For why will you die,
When God, in great mercy,
Is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you;
The Spirit says, come;
The Father is waiting
To welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion,
That while you delay
Your heart may grow better
By staying away.
Come, wretched, come, starving,
Come, happy to be,
While streams of salvation
Are flowing so free.

3 Oh, how can we leave you;
Why will you not come?
'Tis Jesus entreats you,
He bids you come home;
Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye!
For why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy,
Is coming so nigh?

290 *Tune—Shirland.* S. M.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him quickly come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

291

Tune—Timna.

8s.

1 We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me?

2 We speak of salvation and love,
The Father in Jesus made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it my own.

3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name I believe.

4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by me must be proved,
Or I shall be ever unclean.

5 We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heaven so bright and so fair;
But unless I in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I can not be there.

292

Tune—Laconia.

8s & 3s.

1 We're traveling home to heaven
above:
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love:
Will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road:
Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of
light:
Will you go?
Far, far from death and curse and night:
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall
bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share:
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain:

Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again!
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see!"
Will you go?

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go."
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell:
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Let me go."

293 *Tune—Goshen or Hinton.* 6s & 5s, or 11s.

1 We leave now behind us
The world and its crowd;
We set now before us
The home of our God.

2 We take up our cross now
To follow the Lamb,
We close round his banner,
For glory or shame.

3 We take up the armor
Our captain hath given,
The sword and the breastplate,
The helmet of heaven.

4 In faith thus defying
The foe and the sin,
We fight our life's battle;
We fight and we win.

294 *Tune—Warrington.*

L. M.

1 Oh! do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time. Oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night!

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce, at length, thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh! try the life which Christians live:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

295

Tune—Arno.

6s & 4s.

1 To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

296

Tune—Bartimeus.

8s & 7s.

1 "Mercy, O thou son of David!"
Thou blind Bartimeus prayed—
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many, for his crying, chid him,
But he called the louder still—
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,

Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

297

Tune—Ava.

Cs & 4s.

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high.
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Where wilt thou roam?
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye,
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
To that high home,
Through Christ alone—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

298

Tune—Stockwell.

8s & 7s.

1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

3 He is God: his love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems!
'Tis our Father; and his fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

299

Tune—Azmon.

C. M.

1 Come, sinner, to the Gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the Church, re-
deemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng con-
vened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the
choir;
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's
board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord!
Yes, come this very hour.

300*Tune—Eaton.*

L. M., 6 lines.

1 Around Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

2 Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went;
But he, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

3 Saviour! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was
spoke;

Still in thine all redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest
yoke!

O, be that power, that love, displayed,
Help those whom thou alone canst aid!

301*Tune—Ae.*

L. M. D.

1 Health of the weak, to make them
strong!

Refuge of sinners, and their song!
Comfort of each afflicted breast!
Haven of hope in realms of rest!
Lord of the patriarchs gone before!
Light of the prophets' learned lore!
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly litany.

2 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,
To taste and feel what he has done;
To lay me low before his cross,
And reckon all besides as dross;
To speak, and think, and will, and
move,
And love, as thou wouldst have me
love:

O, look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany!

302*Tune—Ganges.*

L. C. M.

1 That warning voice, O sinner hear!
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;

Flee from destruction's downward
path,

Flee from the threaten'ing storm of
wrath

That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thiek'ning
shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour:
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour.

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

303*Tune—Dundee.*

C. M.

1 In streets and openings of the gates
Where pours the busy crowd;
Thus heavenly wisdom lifts her voice
And cries to men aloud.

2 How long, ye scorners of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain?

3 The time will come, when humbled
low
In sorrow's evil day,
Your voice, by anguish, shall be taught,
But taught too late to pray.

4 When, like the whirlwind o'er the
deep,
Comes desolation's blast:
Pray'rs then extorted will be vain;
The hour of merey past.

304*Tune—Edwards.*

C. M.

1 Ho! ye that thirst, approach the
spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance
waste
On trifles light as air?

3 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near
Before his footstool fall.

4 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego;
And God, when they to him return,
Returning grace will show.

305 *Tune—Salvation, or Resolution. C. M. D.*

1 Ungrateful sinner! whence this
scorn
Of God's long-suffering grace?
And whence this madness, that in-
sults
The Almighty to his face?
Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,
His goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy harden'd mind?

2 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
Against the day of woe?
Soon shall that fatal day approach
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now un-
known,
In awful pomp reveal!

306 *Tune—Mount Vernon. 8s & 7s.*

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is no place where earth's sor-
rows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's fail-
ings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

307

Tune—Middleton.

8s & 7s.

1 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the head.
'Tis not *all* we owe to Jesus;
It is something more than all;
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.

2 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
And oh! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His large tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord!

308

Tune—Lexington.

7s & 6s.

1 How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great physician—
How matchless is his grace!

Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my sight had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live!

309

Tune—Oak.

Cs & 4s.

1 Now I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine!

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing
Then to behold my king,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine!

310

Tune—Joyfully.

10s.

1 Trustingly, trustingly, Jesus to thee
Come I;—Lord, graciously, come thou
to me!
Then shall I joyfully, walk here with
thee:
Oh! then, Lord, lovingly, come thou to
me.
Ah! mine iniquity, crimson has been;
Infinite! infinite! sin upon sin!
Sin of not loving thee—Oh, hateful sin!
Sin of not trusting thee—infinite sin!

2 Sin hath gone over me, like a dark
sea—
“Lord thou hast died for me”—this is
my plea,
So not despairingly, come I to thee;
So not distrustingly, bend I the knee;
Peacefully, peacefully, walk I with
thee;
Jesus, my Lord, thou art all, all to me;
Peace thou hast left us, so rich and so
free,
Ever to dwell with us—so let it be!

3 Happily, happily, pass I along,
Eager to work for thee, earnest and
strong;
Life is for service true—life is for song;
Life is for battle too—right against
wrong.
Hopefully, hopefully, onward I go;
Cheerfully, cheerfully, meet I the foe;
Crowns are awaiting me, joys overflow;
Glory prepared for me—forward I go!

311

Tune—Fountain.

C. M.

1 Think well how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2 He gives himself as Mary's babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils his everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

3 His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

4 The light of love is round his feet
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us, when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

5 His love of us may teach us how
To love him in return;
Love can not help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

312*Tune—Romaine.*

7s & 6s.

1 I saw the cross of Jesus
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus
To give me peace within:
I brought my soul to Jesus;
He cleans'd it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

2 I love the cross of Jesus—
It tells me what I am;
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

3 I clasp the cross of Jesus
In every trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never-failing tower.
In every fear and conflict,
I more than conqueror am;
Living I'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ the risen Lamb.

4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace and safety
Till life itself depart.
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing thy wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

313*Tune—Beethoven.*

L. M.

1 Oh peace of God, sweet peace of God,
Where broods on earth this gentle
dove,
Where spread those pure and downy
wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

2 Whence comes this blessing of the
soul,
This silent joy which can not fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

3 The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and
storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

4 Oh peace of God! earth hath no
power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here—
Its frown ne'er bids its light depart.

5 Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith thy presence
dwells—
In patient suffering and toil
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop
swells.

6 Sweet peace! Oh let thy heavenly ray
Shed its calm radiance o'er my road;
Its kindly light shall cheer me on—
Guide to the endless peace of God.

314*Tune—Reo.*

C. M.

1 O faith! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.

2 How many hearts thou might'st have
had
More innocent than mine;
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest
cross,
Seem burdens small and light,
And earth looks little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

315

Tune—Colchester.

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour, Jesus! dearest Lord!
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty!
- 2 O light in darkness, joy in grief,
O heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my love! my treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?
- 3 Oh wonderful! that thou shouldst
let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such poor love as this,
And make so free with thine.
- 4 But is there limit to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On, on, my Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.
- 5 Burn, burn, O love! within my
heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

316

Tune—Rapture.

L. C. M.

- 1 This did not once so trouble me,
That better I did not love thee;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.
- 2 While I had little care to call
On thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
I seemed enough to pray;
But now I only think with shame
How seldom to thy glorious name
My lips their offerings pay.
- 3 In doing is this knowledge ours,—
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress;
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

317

Tune—Mount Pisgah.

C. M.

- 1 I fear thee, O thou living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.
- 4 Oh, then, this worse than worthless
heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee for thyself,
And for thy glory's sake.

318

Tune—Mear.

C. M.

- 1 How strong the thought of God at-
tracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
- 2 'Tis not enough to save our souls
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the
heart
To more sublime desires.
- 3 Oh! utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
- 4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move.

319

Tune—Brattle Street.

C. M. D.

- 1 The thought of God, above, below
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health or wealth,
Or love of kith or kin.

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears;
It is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

2 One, while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.
Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

3 The wild flower on the grassy
ground
Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead th' autumnal wood
Is thundering in the storm.
So is it with our humbled souls,
Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious, in their sober pace,
Of the wild storms abroad.

320*Tune—Laight Street.*

C. M.

1 In pulses deep of three-fold love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

2 No ties were on his bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause;
For his own glory 'twas enough
That he was what he was!

3 He stirred, and yet we know not
how
Nor wherefore he should move;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

4 It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime;
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

5 He stirred, and beauty all at once
Forth from his being broke;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things awoke.

6 Order, and multitude, and light,
In beauteous showers outstreamed;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

321*Tune—Enfield.*

C. M. D.

1 Let heaven arise, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty Lord;
The heavens arose, the earth appeared
At his creating word.
Thick darkness rested on the deep:
God said, "Let there be light;"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.

2 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

3 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful
trees,
The new form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
Then high in heaven's resplendent
arch
He placed two orbs of light;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

4 Next from the deep, th' Almighty
King
Did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air of every wing,
And fish of every name.
To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.

5 Then chief o'er all his works below
At last was Adam made;
His Maker's image blessed his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
Fair in the Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood:
He viewed the fabric he had rais'd—
"Behold, 'twas very good!"

322

Tune—*Avon.*

C. M.

- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that
blows,
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There's not a star whose twinkling
light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.
- 3 There's not a cloud whose dew drops dis-
till
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 4 There's not a place in earth's vast
round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless
love,
And power with goodness blends.

323

Tune—*Dornance.*

8s & 7s.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move!
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens;
God is light, and God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is light, and God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the cloud his brightness stream-
eth;
God is light, and God is love.
- 4 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is light, and God is love.

324

Tune—*Emerson.*

8s & 7s

- 1 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing:
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most
high!"
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow:
- 3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy'—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!"

325

Tune—*Louvan.*

L. M.

- 1 How high thou art! Our songs can
own
No music thou couldst stoop to hear;
But still the Son's expiring groan
Is vocal in the Father's ear.
- 2 How pure thou art! Our hands are
dyed
With curses, red with murderer's
hue;
But he hath stretched his hands to hide
The sins, that pierced them, from thy
view.
- 3 How strong thou art! We tremble
lest
The thunders of thine arm be
moved;
But he is lying on thy breast,
And thou must clasp thy best be-
loved!

4 How kind thou art! Thou didst not
not choose
To joy in him forever so;
But that embrace thou wouldst not lose
For vengeance, didst for love forego!

5 High God, and pure, and strong, and
kind!
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!
The brightness in his face we find—
Behold our darkness only there!

326 *Tune—New Cambridge.* C. M.

1 Oh God! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

2 Thy holiness the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

3 From thee were drawn those worlds
of Life
The Saviour's heart and soul;
And, undiminished still, thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

4 All things that have been, all that
are,
All things that can be dreamed;
All possible creations—made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed.

5 All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command,
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

6 Oh, little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

327 *Tune—Harmony Grove.* C. M.

1 Amidst the mighty, where is he
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

2 He gives in gladsome bowers to
dwell,
Or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand has form'd the light, his hand
Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

3 Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chastening rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.

4 Oh sons of men! with anxious care
Your hearts and ways explore;
Return from evil paths to God,
Return—and sin no more!

328 *Tune—Naomi.* C. M.

1 Father! thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

2 The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in thy decrees;
Yet while thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

3 O fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains!

4 What can I do but trust thee, Lord,
For thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in thy hands,
Father! than in my own.

329 *Tune—Woodstock.* C. M.

1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

3 And when it seems no chance of
change,
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And grief waits on thee.

4 Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

5 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

330*Tune—Monson.*

C. M.

- 1 I wish to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to thee;
And yet I wish that thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.
- 2 And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse;
But, Lord! I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose.
- 3 But thou wilt not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to thy love,
And to thy wiser care.
- 4 All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorbed in one—
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
Sins borne by Christ alone.
- 5 I would the light of reason, Lord!
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my
soul
Until it passed to thine.
- 6 And yet, O Lord, whate'er thy will,
For this my death decree,
Assured I am, when I depart,
My soul shall rest with thee.

331*Tune—Dunlap's Creek.*

C. M.

- 1 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by child-like love.
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3 Muse on his justice, downcast soul;
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine armor to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

4 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

332*Tune—Zerah.*

C. M.

- 1 Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their glittering lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous
plains
Breaks the first Advent morn.

333*Tune—Gruner.*

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 Listen to the gospel, telling
How the Lord was crucified;
How upon the cross he suffered,
When he bowed his head and died,
All for sinners!
Come, then, to his bleeding side.
- 2 Listen to the gospel calling!
Hear, O sinner, and obey!
Come to Jesus, he will save you,
Now, no longer stay away;
He invites you;
Sinner, then, make no delay.

3 Listen to the gospel pleading,
Hasten, sinner, to arise;
Come and cast yourself on Jesus,
He to none his love denies;
Trust him freely,
Wait no longer; now be wise.

4 Listen to the gospel, blessing
All who trust the Saviour's love;
And to those who now obey him,
Bringing pardon from above;
Careless sinner,
Will you still refuse to love?

5 Listen to the gospel warning;
All who stay away must die;
Come, then, while all things are ready,
Mercy calls you from on high;
Come and welcome,
Hear, oh hear, the Saviour cry!

334*Tune—Edmeston.*

C. M.

1 A pilgrim thro' this lonely world
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the gravel

335*Tune—Aspiration.*

C. M.

1 Oh, my dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
And I bow down my head.

2 Thy suffering life I can not trace,
Or read thy sacred word;
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3 What am I, Lord, that thou so much
Shouldst love and value me?
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.

336*Tune—Jesus Wept.*

8s, 7s, & 7s.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee?
Gracious one of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping one of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany!

337*Tune—Upton.*

L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene!
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, of boundless might
possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too—
Lord over all, forever blest.

338

Tune—Merdin.

7s, 6s, & 7s.

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumpets loud resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven resounding with the theme.

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus! Jesus!—flow along.

339

Tune—New Haven.

6s & 4s.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
Go, at your Lord's command;
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love:
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

340

Tune—Ware.

L. M.

1 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend,
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

341

Tune—Asmon.

C. M.

1 Jesus is God! oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy I should be!

2 Jesus is God! alas! they say
On earth the numbers grow,
Who his divinity blaspheme,
To their unfailing woe.

3 And yet, what is the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was Man?

4 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

342

Tune—Siloam.

C. M.

1 Thou God, whose thoughts are
brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear.

2 Sweeten all proud and bitter hearts
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth, which does not shine.

3 Thou art the unapproached, whose
height
Enables thee to stoop,
Whose holiness bends undefiled
To handle hearts that droop.

4 How thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

5 Yet habits linger in the soul—
More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from thy loving heart!
More sunshine from thy face!

343

Tune—New Haven

Cs & 4s.

1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame!
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore:
Praise him now raised in power;
Praise him for evermore
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo! he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail:
Saints, see your king prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

344

Tune—Melody, or Chelmsford.

C. M.

1 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

2 How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

3 The freedom from all willful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
Oh, these are graces far below
What longing love would ask!

4 Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free;
Look long at Jesus; his sweet blood,
How was it dealt to thee?

345 *Tune—Maitland, or Cross and Crown. C. M.*

1 How shalt thou bear the cross that
now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

2 Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far, for thee
To face the eternal years.

3 Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the eternal years.

4 Be patient, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of th' eternal years.

5 Death will have rainbows round it
seen
Through calm contrition's tears;
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the eternal years.

6 He practices all virtue well
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the eternal years!

346 *Tune—New Cambridge. C. M.*

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with reverence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was
brought—
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished
grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.

4 But dry your tears, and tune your
songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

347 *Tune—Stella. C. M. D.*

1 Thou art my hiding place, O Lord,
In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptation
beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues, and bitter
words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.

3 And when thy awful voice com-
mands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—
Then, though it be in accents weak
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to
speak—
“My Saviour died for me.”

348 *Tune—Uxbridge. L. M.*

1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, “Come to me.”

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, “Come to
me!”

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

349 *Tune—Christmas.* C. M.

1 While others crowd the house of
mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with wisdom dwell,
Frequent the house of woe!

2 Better to weep with those who weep,
And share the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with crowds in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart!

3 The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

4 When virtuous sorrow dims the eye,
And tears bedew the face,
The soul is led to solemn thought
By sanctifying grace.

350 *Tune—Let me Go.* 8s & 7s.

1 Oh how kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed
me,

Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

2 Oh, how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would
draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!

Make me for thy rest more ready,
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God!

351 *Tune—Protection.* 11s.

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on
our way;
The Lord is our leader, his word is our
stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial
be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can
we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the
faint;
The weak and oppressed, he will hear
their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the
road,
But how can we falter? our help is in
God.

3 And to his green pastures our foot-
steps he leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly he
feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly
bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe
from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our
God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God
is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we
come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is
our home.

352 *Tune—Brown.* C. M.

1 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge de-
fend,
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

5 But thronging round, with busiest
love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.

6 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

353

Tune—Romaine.

7s & 6s.

1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea ;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day ;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave ;
The death is just before us ;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

354

Tune—Harwell.

8s & 7s.

1 Harp, awake ! tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise ;
Lute, awake ! awake our glory !
Join a thankful song to raise !
Join we, brethren, faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

2 Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Saviour reconciled !
In the dust we bend before thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !

3 Gracious Father ! thou hast length-
en'd,
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strength-
en'd

What thy grace alone began !
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at thy feet, and guide us
By thy Spirit and thy word !

4 Let thy favor and thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are quail-
ing,
Signs in heaven, and earth, and sea :
But, when heaven and earth are fail-
ing,
Saviour ! we will trust in thee !

355

Tune—Smyrna.

8s & 7s

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul !

2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.
Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

3 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

356 *Tune—Naomi.* C. M.

1 O Lord! I live always in pain,
My life's sad under-song;
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

2 Little, sometimes, weighs more than
much,
When it has no relief;
A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

3 And yet, O Lord! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

4 All murmurs, lie inside thy will,
Which are to thee addressed;
To suffer for thee is our work,
To think of thee, our rest.

357 *Tune—Howard.* C. M.

1 Years fly, O Lord! and every year
More desolate I grow;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.

2 There are fresh gaps around the
hearth,
Old places left unfilled,
And young lives quenched before the
old,
And th' love of old hearts chilled.

3 Dear voices and dear faces missed,
Sweet households overthrown;
And what is left—oft sad to see,
As th' thought of what is gone.

4 But all by thee is sanctified—
This rupture with the past;
For thus we die before our deaths,
And so die well at last.

358 *Tune—Chimes.* C. M.

1 To fear is harder than to weep;
To watch, than to endure;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is grief that is not sure.

2 To look a sorrow in the face
False magnitude imparts;
All sorrows look immensely large
Unto our little hearts.

3 Least griefs are more than we can
bear,
Each worse than those before;
Our own griefs always greater griefs
Than those our fathers bore.

4 The griefs we have to bear alone
The griefs that we can share,
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,
Which are the worst to bear?

5 Dear Lord! in all our loneliest pains
Thou hast the largest share;
And that which is unbearable,
'Tis thine, not ours, to bear.

6 Alas! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.

359 *Tune—Horton.* 7s, single.

1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to his heaven restored.

2 Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Makes in mortals his abode;
By his grace our hearts inspire,
Kindles there a holy fire.

3 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he cast out sin.

4 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there,
Breathes the unutterable prayer.

360*Tune—Olmütz.*

S. M.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
Oh, thou afflicted! come;
The God of peace shall meet thee
there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For you have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hearest the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

361*Tune—Downs.*

C. M.

1 Ah, dearest Lord! I can not pray;
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.

2 I can not pray; yet, Lord! thou
knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.

3 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord!
In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.

4 For prayer that humbles, sets the
soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord! it hangs on thee!

5 My Saviour! why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within.

6 These surface troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.

362*Tune—Rockingham.*

C. M.

1 Here cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of prayer and peace
At their Redeemer's feet.

2 No sculptured wonders meet the
sight,
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light,
For God himself is here.

3 And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favor share,
And soon their heaven will win.

4 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises
And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymns of praise.

363

Tune—Woodside.

C. M.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

364

Tune—Dennis.

S. M.

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

365

Tune—Salvation, or Resolution.

C. M. D.

1 Come, let us to the Lord, our God,
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

2 Long hath the night of sorrow
reign'd,
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness, at his sight.
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming, like the dawn shall be—
Like morning songs his voice.

3 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,
So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyous light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

366

Tune—Salvation.

C. M. D.

1 Attend and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallowed mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.
Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?

2 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.
Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

3 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
Then bright as morning, shall come
forth,
In peace and joy thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

367*Tune—Athens.*

C. M. D.

1 They talked of Jesus, as they went;
And Jesus, all unknown,
Did at their side himself present
With sweetness all his own.

Swift, as he op'd the sacred word
His glory they discern'd;
And swift, as his dear voice they heard,
Their hearts within them burn'd.

2 He would have left them, but that
they
With prayers his love assailed:
"Depart not yet! a little stay!"
They press'd him, and prevail'd.
And Jesus was reveal'd, as there
He bless'd and brake the bread;
But, while they mark'd his heavenly air
The matchless guest had fled.

3 And thus, at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and his word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk,
And makes, unseen, a third.
And oh! how sweet the converse flows,
Their holy theme how dear,
How warm with love each bosom glows,
If Jesus be but near.

4 And they that woo his visits sweet,
And will not let him go;
Oft while his broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know;
His gather'd friends he loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat
The memory of his death.

368*Tune—Abide with Me.*

10s.

1 Abide with me! Fast falls the even-
tide,
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me
abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O! thou who changest not, abide with
me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with
me.

4 Come, for I need thee, as the King of
kings;
My shield, my sun, with healing in thy
wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea,
Come, friend of sinners, thus abide
with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth
didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

6 I need thy presence every passing
hour;
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me.

369*Tune—Remember Me.*

C. M.

1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my sad and burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I can not flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
Dear Lord, remember me.

370 *Tune—Harmony Grove.* C. M.

1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth, be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleagured by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

371 *Tune—Mount Pisgah.* C. M.

1 Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

372 *Tune—Esthemoah.* 7s, 4 lines.

1 Gracious Jesus, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear;
Show thine own sweet clemency;
Spurn me not, though vile I be.

2 Here before thee, fallen, weeping,
And with tears these torn feet steeping;
Jesus, for thy mercy's sake,
Pity on my misery take.

3 Sharing now thy wounds, I pray
thee,
Let me love for love repay thee—
Thou, whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted!

4 On my heart each stripe be written,
Wherewith thou for me wert smitten;
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with thee.

373 *Tune—Medfield.* C. M.

1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots through air and
light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her
flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant, me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

374 *Tune—Norwich.* 7s, 4 lines.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

375*Tune—Ward.*

L. M.

1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me.
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

3 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's ear of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

376*Tune—Greenville.*

8s & 7s.

1 Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath morning
Streams with radiance all divine;
Sanctity thy courts adorning,
Beautiful with grace they shine.
Holiness becomes thy dwelling,
Peerless sovereign of the sky,
Princely palaces excelling,
Pomp of earthly majesty.

2 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
Gladdened nature drinks the light;
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.
Take the rest this day is bringing,
Rest of all our earthly days,
Enter thou his gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

377*Tune—Peterboro.*

C. M.

1 This is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first fruits of them that
slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when ho
Was made forever blest.

378*Tune—Ionia.*

7s, 4 lines.

1 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

2 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

379*Tune—Shirland.*

S. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, our might
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite,
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his holy house,
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humble vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven!

380

Tune—*Dedham.*

C. M.

1 Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake:
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

381

Tune—*Varina.*

C. M. D.

1 Oh, sweetest, dearest tie! that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Oh, sacred hope! that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
The blessed hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry
blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From eastern shores, from northern
lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-
bands
May hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

382

Tune—*St. Ann's.*

C. M.

1 How hard it seems to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth
And not, sometimes, lose heart!

2 Ill masters good; good seems to
change
To ill, with greatest ease;
And worst of all, the good with good
Seems at cross-purposes.

3 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come, if God hath kept
His promises to men.

4 The look, the fashion, of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act
When Reason would not dare.

5 God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

383

Tune—*Sicilian Hymn.*

8s & 7s.

1 Onward, Christian, tho' the region
Where thou art be drear and lone,
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on.

2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever—heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor.
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh no longer,
Pray thou for thy quick release.

6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

384 *Tune—Stockwell.* 8s & 7s.

1 Check grow pale, but heart be vigorous;
Body fail, but soul have peace;
Welcome, pain! thou searcher rigorous,
Slay me, but my faith increase.

2 Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;
Doubt, that would my strength impair;
Hence at once from life and feeling—
Now my cross I gladly bear.

3 Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad,

Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness—up to God!

4 Up to labor! from thee shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be grave!
Give thyself to prayer and waking;
Toil some fainting heart to save!

385 *Tune—Jazer.* C. M.

1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuild by hands.

386 *Tune—Louvan.* L. M.

1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and
bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
And when its first few praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands—
An humbler temple, "made with
hands."

5 We can not bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

387 *Tune—Duke Street.* L. M.

1 Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest Charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

388

Tune—*Alida*.

C. M. D.

1 Though perfect eloquence adorned
My sweet persuading tongue,
Though I could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung;
Though prophecy my soul inspired,
And made all myst'ries plain;
Yet were I void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.

2 Nay, though my faith with boundless
pow'r
E'en mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of holy, heavenly love.
Although with lib'ral hand I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames—
Still fruitless were the deed.

3 Love suffers long; love envies not;
True love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
Nor proudly lifts the mind.
Love harbors not suspicious thoughts,
Is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and
crimes,
And in the truth is glad.

4 Love beareth much, much she be-
lieves,
And still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though sore with hardship pressed.
Love still shall hold an endless reign,
In earth and heaven above,
When tongues shall cease, and pro-
phets fail,
And every gift but Love!

389

Tune—*Dornance*.

8s & 7s.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy here above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

390

Tune—*Hastings*.

C. L. M.

1 Oh be not faithless! with the morn,
Scatter abroad thy grain;
At noontide—faint not thou forlorn;
At evening—sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

2 Thou knowest not which seed shall
grow,
Or which may die or live;
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow!
The increase God shall give,—
According to his gracious will,
As best his purpose may fulfill.

391

Tune—*Luton*.

L. M.

1 O what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—
Their souls renewed, their sin sfor-
given.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble
light,
Through all your lives let mercy
run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counselor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 When all is done, renounce your
deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with
scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

392 *Tune—Downs.* C. M.

1 Hark how Christ's sweet and tender
care

Complies with our weak minds;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still some fit work he finds.

2 They that are merry let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober way.

3 So mounts the early chirping lark
Still upward to the skies;
So sits the lone dove in the dark
Sighing out moans and cries.

4 And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing through several parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

5 Or rather both should both assay,
And their cross-notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing and
pray,
Since both our hopes incite.

393 *Tune—Gerar.* S. M.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

394 *Tune—Asmon.* C. M.

1 Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

395 *Tune—St. Ann's.* C. M.

1 Yes, they have caught the way of
God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

2 A bright horizon out at sea
Obscures the distant ships;
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
In charity's eclipse.

3 Then mercy, Lord! more mercy still!
Make me all light within,
Self-hating, and compassionate,
And mild to others' sin.

4 I need thy mercy for my sin;
But then with this I need,—
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sins to bleed.

5 'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

6 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from thee;
Sweet God! forevermore be thou
Fountain and fire in me.

396*Tune—Coventry.*

C. M.

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the
heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

397*Tune—Monson.*

C. M.

1 Make channels for the streams of
love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

398*Tune—Dunlap's Creek.*

C. M.

1 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys
Bid health to plant the rose.

2 Go, where the friendless stranger
lies;
To perish is his doom;
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

3 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy Him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

399*Tune—Mollucca.*

8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word;
Hallelujah!
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah!
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love:
Hallelujah!
By this gift our love we'll prove

400*Tune—Bavaria.*

8s & 7s.

1 Bring the tithes into the storehouse;
Let there be a bounteous store;
Then I'll pour you out a blessing
Till ye have no room for more.
Prove me now, ye doubting children,
Let your faith attest my word;
Trust your welfare to the Saviour,
Seek to glorify your Lord.

2 Stand no longer idly waiting;
Prayer unproved hath little power;
Vain your longing, without effort,
To advance the promised hour.
Bring your offerings to the altar;
Tithes of money, work, and prayer;
Yea, with earnest consecration,
Give yourselves to service there.

3 Then will I, the Lord Jehovah,
Surely make my promise good,
Open wide the heavenly windows,
Pour you out a gracious flood.
Lord, how can we ever doubt thee,
With such wondrous promises?
Help us now by faith and labor,
Prove thy readiness to bless.

401

Tune—Lacy.

C. M.

1 She loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised,
Give to the hungry from your board;
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distress'd;—

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

402

Tune—Mornington.

C. M.

1 Son of the Carpenter! receive
This humble work of mine,
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to thine.

2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

3 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is but one sacrifice.

4 Careless, through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

5 Oh! when wilt thou, my life, appear!
How gladly would I cry—
" 'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me
here,
'Tis finished, Lord!" and fly.

403

Tune—Ae.

L. M. D.

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was
spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread—
I gave him all; he blessed and brake,
And ate—but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then!
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste!

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength
was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst:
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my
cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more!

4 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and
scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

5 Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto me!"

404 *Tune—Happy Zion.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Saviour, haste: our souls are waiting
For the long expected day,
When, new heavens and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away;
All the sorrow
Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

2 Haste, oh hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home;
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come.

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden
This sad earth shall bloom again?

4 Reign, oh reign, almighty Saviour,
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee
We shall have supreme delight.

405 *Tune—Ain.* S. M. D.

1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

2 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
Then, then I feel that he—
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

406 *Tune—Doonton.* C. L. M.

1 Since o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught--
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must
dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou dost
shine!

4 Oh how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

407

Tune—*Claremont*.

H. M.

1 Sweet place, sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The Heaven of heavens—the throne
Of spotless majesty!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee
To see thy face?

2 No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
Oh, no! these needless are;
The Lamb himself's the light.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

3 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

4 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

5 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

6 Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail days,
A short-leas'd tenement;
Heaven's still my hope, my praise.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

408

Tune—*Evarts*.

7s & 6s.

1 Jerusalem, the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink harp and voice oppress.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng!
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene!
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast!
And they, who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

4 And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state—
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb immaculate.
Oh fields that know no sorrow!
Oh state that fears no strife!
Oh princely bowers! Oh land of flow-
ers!
Oh realm and home of life!

409

Tune—*Ecarts*.

7s & 6s.

1 For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded,
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow—
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The light that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

4 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting,
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

5 And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground;
And white and virgin lilies,
For virgin souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

6 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing
Shall satiate evermore!

410

Tune—Webb.

7s & 6s.

1 Jerusalem, the Glorious!
The glory of the elect!
Oh dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Oh none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
Oh none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful devise!
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art!

3 New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
Thou city of the Lord!
His land and benediction
Is the glorious decachord!

4 Oh holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
Oh sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of seraphim!
Oh thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
Oh true, peculiar vision
Of God omnipotent!

5 Oh! sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
Oh! sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny,
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath was I.

6 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.
Exult, O dust and ashes;
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Amen.

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	L. P. M.	
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	P. M.	
Children in Heaven.....		Sunday-School Hosanna.
Beautiful River.....		Songs of Praise.
	H. M.	
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